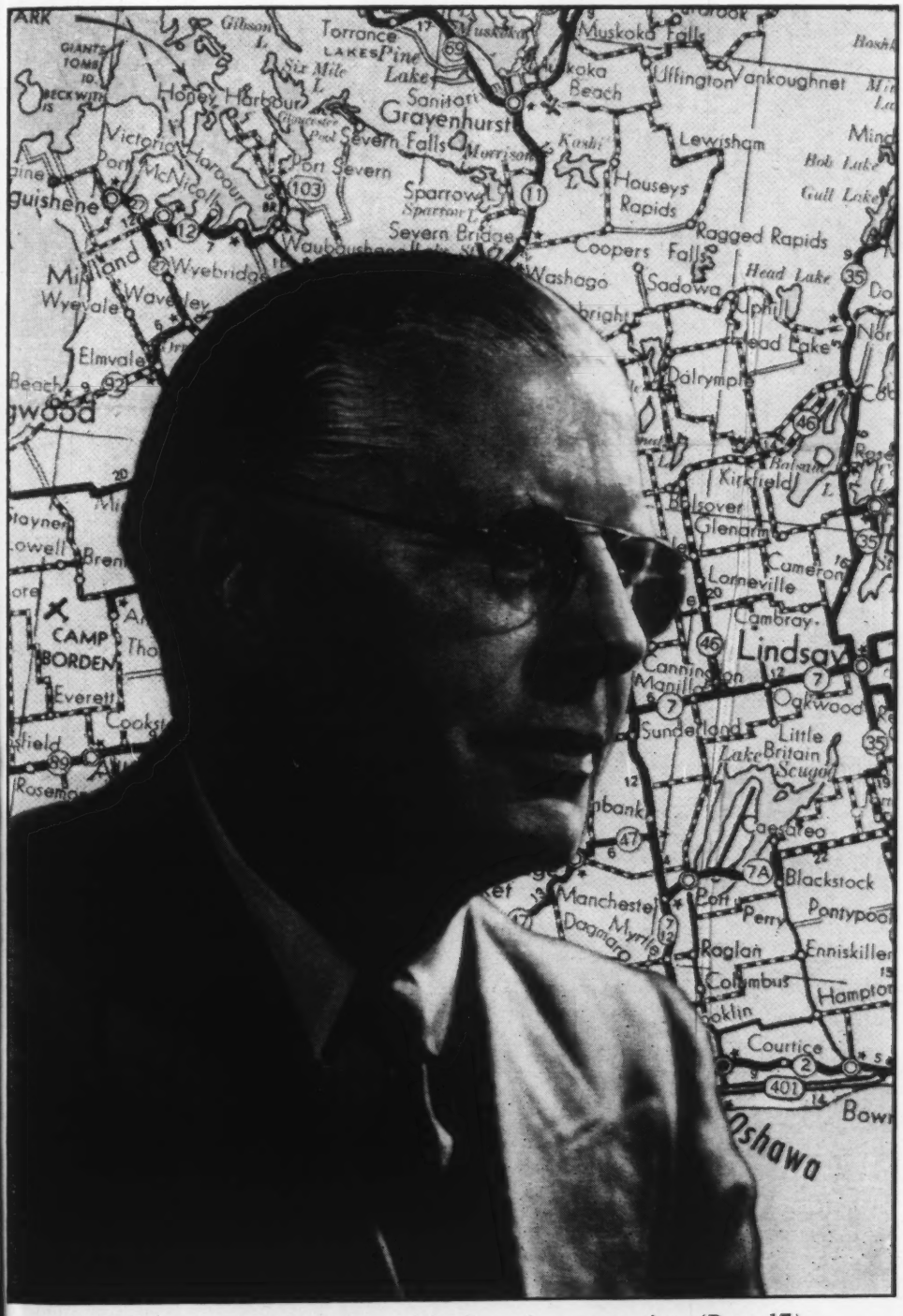
Saturday Night



Premier Frost: The care and feeding of a young giant (Page 17).

NOV. 12TH 1955 . TEN CENTS

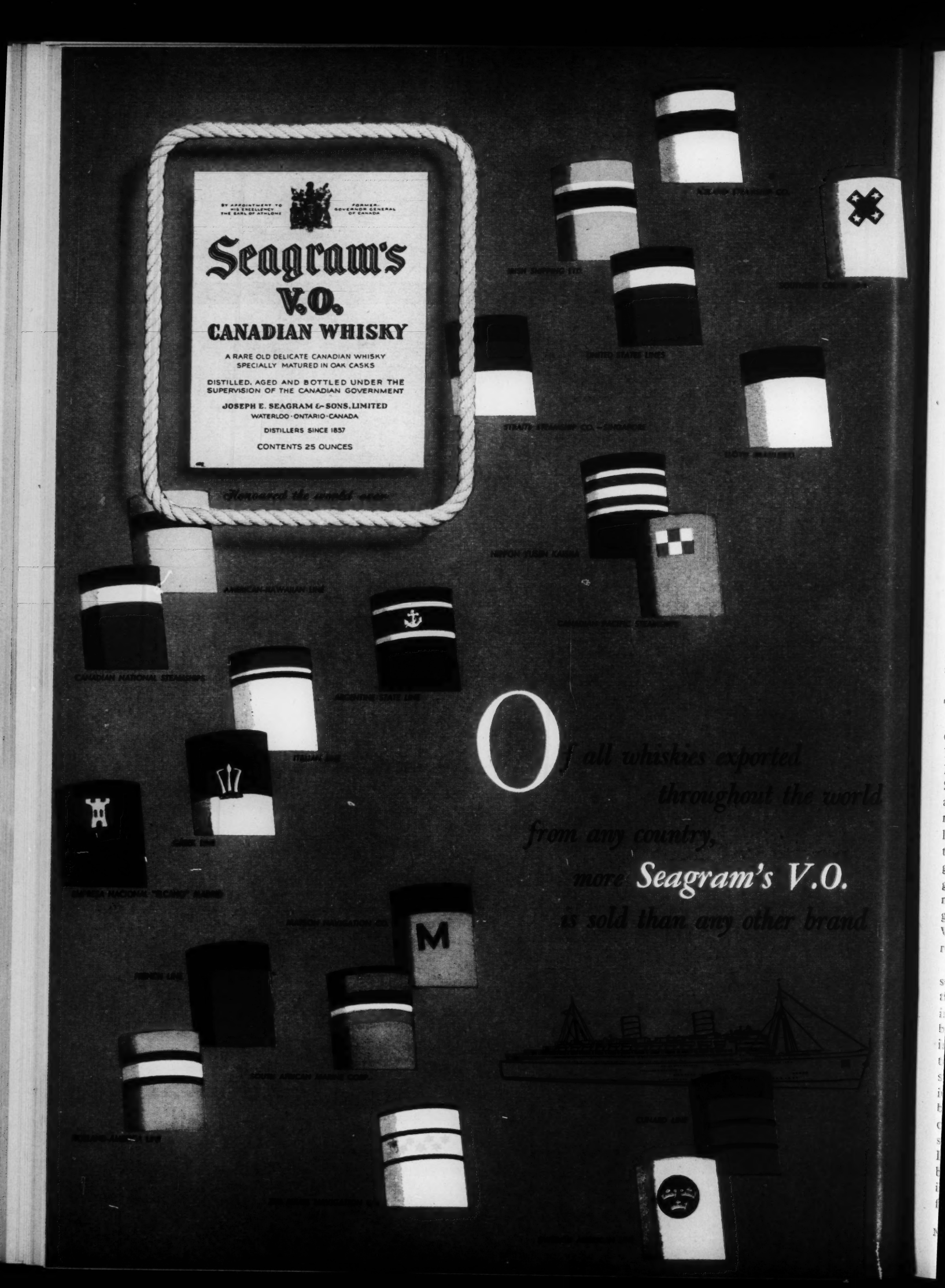
The Front Page

THE DECISION of the Supreme Court of Canada on the validity of Montreal's holiday-closing bylaw must have sent provincial authorities all across Canada scurrying to review their own restrictive regulations. If it didn't, it should have; the grounds on which the Supreme Court found the Quebec legislation unconstitutional raise grave doubts about many of the powers which have been given to municipalities by provincial governments.

Under federal law, four Roman Catholic feast days (Epiphany, Ascension Day, All Saints' Day and Conception Day) are accounted to be legal holidays in Quebec, in addition to Sundays, Christmas Day, Good Friday and similar special days recognized in all parts of the country. In the Dominion legislation, however, there is nothing to say that all business must cease on those four days, and in 1949 the Quebec Government decided to do something about it. Municipal governments in the province were given the power to pass bylaws making it an offence, punishable by fine, to carry on business in a store during the four feast days. Montreal passed such a bylaw in 1951, but several of the city's biggest shopkeepers decided to submit it to a court test.

First, a Montreal judge ruled that the bylaw was ultra vires, beyond the proper authority of a municipal government. Then the Quebec Appeal Court reversed his decision, but the justices

Ontario: Paradox of Progress
by Morley Callaghan: Page 7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were divided in their opinion, three to to two. It went to the Supreme Court of Canada, and a couple of weeks ago all nine members of the highest court in the land agreed: the Quebec legislation is unconstitutional.

The judges found that the Quebec measure affected religious liberty, since observance of Roman Catholic feast days was being thrust on everyone. But their main objection (and in this they were unanimous) was that the legislation was prohibitory rather than regulatory, and therefore encroached on the exclusive right of the Parliament of Canada to enact criminal law. In other words, a province does not have the authority to make a criminal offence of selling goods on specified days; only Parliament has such power.

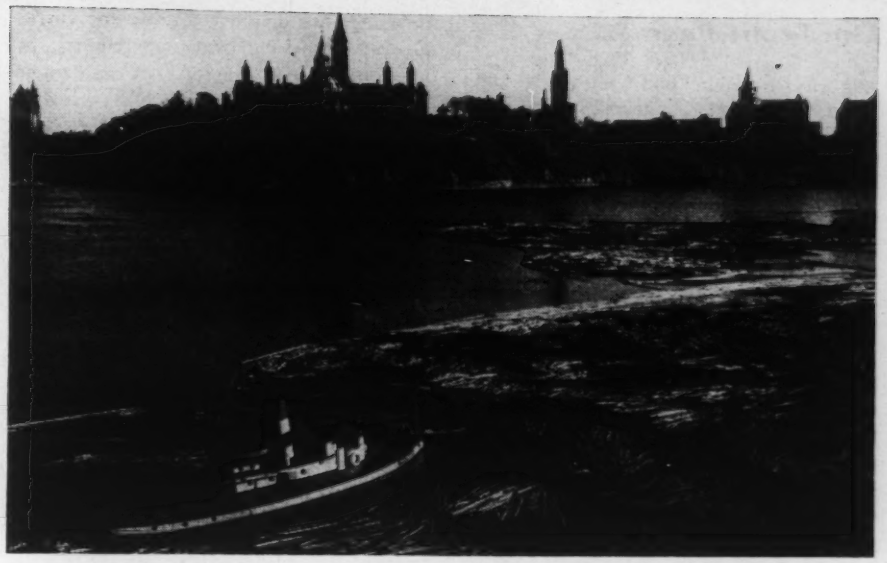
Now what about provincial legislation that empowers municipalities to prohibit the sale of goods, not on certain days, but at certain times of the day? Ontario, for example, has a Factory, Shop and Office Building Act that enables municipal governments to fix holidays for stores and times for doing business if 75 per cent of the merchants concerned request such action. Offenders can be fined. Is this regulation or prohibition, a valid exercise of provincial authority or an invasion of criminal law? Few merchants could afford to push the question through the courts. Provincial authorities themselves should seek a clarification of their powers.

The Result in Spadina

COMING on the heels of the victory in the New Brunswick riding of Restigouche-Madawaska, the Tory win in the Toronto-Spadina by-election a couple of weeks ago seems to have gone to the heads of many Conservatives. They apparently believe that the Spadina result confirms what they suspected after the vote in Restigouche-Madawaska: there is a strong and growing discontent with the Liberal adminstration that will lead to a change of government in the next Federal election. Were not the New Brunswick and Toronto seats considered to be safely Grit?

Perhaps there is the beginning of a surge of public opinion that will sweep the Liberals out and the Conservatives into office during the next couple of years, but no one could prove it by the results in Spadina. The Conservative organization in that riding campaigned much more strenuously for the recent by-election than it did in the general election of 1953—but increased the Conservative vote by only 154. What brought about the Conservative victory was the failure of the Liberal organization and candidate to bring out anything like the Liberal vote in 1953. Samuel Godfrey, trying to retain for the Liberals the seat vacated by David Croll when he moved over to the Senate, managed to get slightly less than 40 per cent of the total cast for his party two years ago.

The reason for the drop in the Liberal vote could be either the weakness of the candidate or dissatisfaction with the policies of the Government. But the significant fact is that there was no appreciable switch of votes. If the people who had formerly marked their ballots in favor of a Liberal administration were discontented, they did not go to the polls to register their objections but simply stayed away. If Spadina indicates anything, it is that many voters are wavering in their loyalty to the Liberal party but still have to be convinced that they should give their support to the Conservatives.



The raw material of newsprint on its way down the Ottawa River.

Brain-Washing

THE LATEST thing in psychotherapy, we hear, is a sort of peacetime brain-washing that goes by the name of Dynamic Impact. But instead of the conventional weapons of isolation, hunger, cold and so on, practitioners of DI use an even more demoralizing one: a record of the patient's own complaints and lamentations, which they insert in a headphone and clamp on the head of the patient, who then must listen while his own voice buzzes on about his basic difficulties, like a fly trapped in a venetian blind. Sometimes the treatment brings unconscious memories to the surface, where the psychiatrist can deal with them. Sometimes the patient becomes so revolted by the feeble rationalizations of his captive ego that he simply heaves the demon out and starts afresh. In any case, the experimenters say, the treatment usually leads to new, healthier behavior patterns. "I used to hate my father," one patient reports, "but now I see him as a weak character that I don't admire." Father, however, would probably see little difference.

The Price of Newsprint

THERE was an angry rumble from newspapers throughout North America when Sir Eric Bowater, British multimillionaire with extensive pulp and paper interests in Canada, suggested early last month that "we can't continue to absorb mounting costs". The rumble became a roar when, as October drew to a close, Canadian manufacturers of newsprint one by one announced that they were increasing the price of their product up to $5 a ton.

The manufacturers undoubtedly expected an outcry. Newsprint is one of the major items in the production cost of any publication, be it a village weekly or a metropolitan daily, and publishers have moaned each time the price of paper has gone up. But this time there has been a grimmer tone to the outcry, and the manufacturers would be silly to ignore it. They may not be perturbed by demands for government investigations and anti-trust actions, but they should certainly pay attention when responsible publishers go so far as to propose that government agencies be set up to control the use of the nation's forests. The proposals come at a time when there is a growing concern in Canada about the exploitation of natural resources. Many a newspaper echoed the comment of the Windsor *Star*: "They have been granted very valuable concessions, in the way of timber limits, by the Canadian people. They owe it to the Canadian people not to gouge them." The sober Ottawa *Journal* went a good deal further, to suggest "earnestly that a government board or commission along the lines of the Transport Board should be set up without delay to deal with forests — to supervise their use, the conditions of their export, their possible exploitation — to see to it that before any private interest tinkers in any respect whatsoever with such a matter as the price of forest products it must appear before government

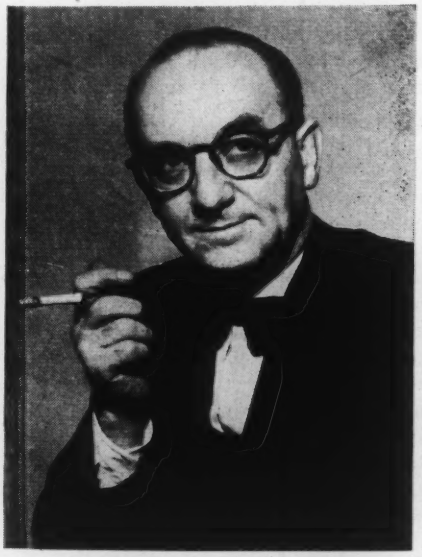
authority, a public body set up to safeguard the public interest, and show cause".

The *Journal* let anger obscure its customary good sense. Forests are only part of the national heritage, along with fertile soil, oil, gas, metals and the other gifts bestowed by nature. Rigid government control of one invites the same for all, and the end would be a Socialist state with initiative smothered under a load of regulation. At the same time, forests do not grow for the special benefit of small groups, and one product of the forests, newsprint, is itself part of a public trust because without it reliable communication of information on any large scale is impossible. The improved literacy and living standards of a constantly growing population, here and abroad, have helped to keep newsprint in short supply. The manufacturers, then, are in the enviable position of having a product that is not only in constant demand but is indispensable to any civilized community. Without it there could only be an uninformed or badly informed public. There is profit in such a position, but also a very grave responsibility; in the broadest sense, it is production in the public interest.

The newsprint companies declare that the price increase is necessary because of increasing costs and the need for expansion. The newspapers point to the annual reports of operations last year: Bowaters profits up from $3,441,605 in 1953 to $5,580,531; Abitibi Power and Paper Company's net profit $10,625,901, up $581,729 from 1953; International Paper Company's net profit $67,475,584, or 15.3 per cent higher than 1953's $58,542,518, and so on. The financial statements, they say, give no indication that the companies were feeling any pinch; rather, they proved that the manufacturers were looking for even more lush returns. "My own view," said John S. Knight, one of the most powerful publishers in the United States, "is that such an increase has no economic justification since the earnings of newsprint manufacturers are universally satisfactory . . . Respectfully suggest this is a time for business statesmanship." The manufacturers would do well to listen, because the statesmanship may be supplied by government direction.

Early French

IF THE Public School Trustees of Ontario have their way, French will be taught in the elementary schools. Theoretically, it's a good idea, and worth consideration by educators in all the English-speaking Provinces. Practically, however, there are doubts. There is a limit to the amount of information that a child can usefully absorb during a school year; could French be taught without overloading the curricula or cutting into the time required by other essential subjects? Considerable numbers of elementary students—possibly a majority—have only an indifferent command of their own language; with such inadequate verbal intelligence, could they be expected to get any benefit from attempts to teach them a second? When so many of them never learn to do much more than speak and write a sort of pidgin English, would the time spent on French be entirely wasted? Finally, do the results of the teaching of French in the secondary schools encourage even the tiniest hope that something better could be achieved in the lower grades? The persons best qualified to answer these questions are the teachers themselves. If they think it can be done, the experiment is worth trying.



Premier Smallwood: An opportunity.

Underdeveloped Areas

WHILE the Royal Commission that is examining Canada's economic prospects was visiting Newfoundland, representatives of Canada were in Singapore discussing the Colombo Plan. It was a ready-made opportunity for Premier Smallwood, a former journalist whose lively newssense has not been blunted by politics, and he jumped at it. He had only praise for Canada's part in the scheme to give assistance to the underdeveloped Asian countries, he said, but "why can't we have in Canada an all-Canadian Colombo Plan designed to bring help to the underdeveloped parts of our country?"

Mr. Smallwood did not want handouts from Ottawa; he wanted help to develop the resources of his province. And when the Royal Commission moved on, its members heard much the same tale, although told in less headline-catching fashion, in other parts of the Maritimes. New Brunswick's Premier Flemming, for example, said that without adequate low-cost power, the base metals discovered in the Bathurst area would be mined and then taken elsewhere to be processed. New Brunswick is stretching its credit to the limit to provide the power; if the Federal Government could put money into projects such as the St. Lawrence Seaway, why could it not help build the power plants his province needs?

There is no doubt that there is a strong tendency in Central Canada to regard the Maritime Provinces as poor relations, communities of fine, hardworking people, but doomed by climate, geography and resources to a lower standard of living than their more richly endowed partners in Confederation. There are always poor countries and wealthy countries, it is pointed out, and even within the wealthy ones there are always some regions much better off than others. These are the hard facts of economic existence.

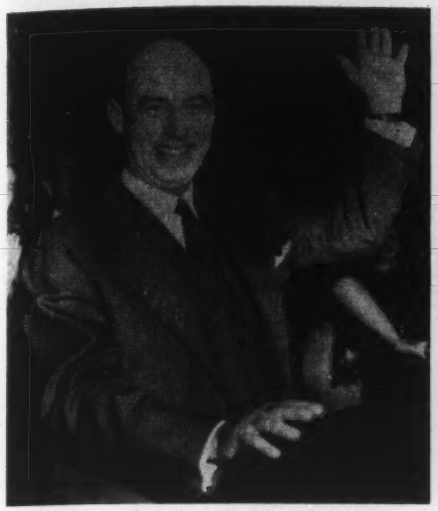
All this is true. There are variations in living standards all across the country. There are also slums in the biggest, most prosperous cities, but it is not taken for granted that the slums cannot be cleared. Nor should it be accepted that nothing much can be done about the areas that are virtually rural slums in the eastern Provinces. The Maritimes have resources still to be developed, but they need help to help themselves — just as do the countries getting help under the Colombo Plan. They may never rival the huge industrial complex growing in the Great Lakes region, but they should never be the charity cases of Confederation, nor need they be.

Different Weapons

JUDGING by some of the comment in North American publications, the Egyptian Government is being pretty unsportsmanlike in its foreign relations, not because it wants to buy planes, tanks and guns but because it proposes to buy them from the Communists. The impression we get is that the Egyptian eagerness to acquire munitions would be far less reprehensible if the purchases were made in the West. Apparently democratic planes, tanks and guns have consciences and would never permit themselves to be used for any evil purpose.

A Look at Ontario

IN THE remarkable industrial expansion that has taken place in Canada during the past decade, no Province has shared more fully than Ontario. In this issue, Morley Callaghan, John Stevenson and others discuss the social, political and economic developments that have occurred in Ontario, to make it what it is now and what it may be in the future. Similar examinations of other Provinces will be made by SATURDAY NIGHT in future issues.



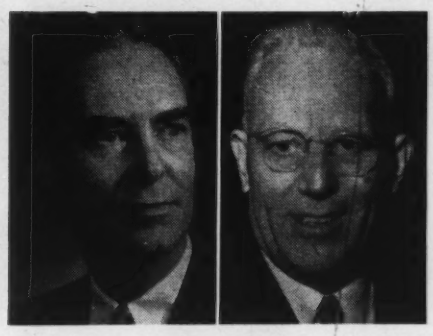
Former candidate Adlai Stevenson.

Vice-president Richard Nixon (right) with Senator William Knowland (Rep.-Calif.).

Candidates for the Presidency in 1956?

Senator Estes Kefauver, Dem. from Tenn.

THE USUAL furor and confusion attendant on a presidential election in the U.S. has been set forward a few months by President Eisenhower's illness, which has disorganized Republican plans and given the Democrats new hope. Old alignments and loyalties are being tested and in the current jockeying for place just who is for whom is, understandably, obscure. See p. 9.

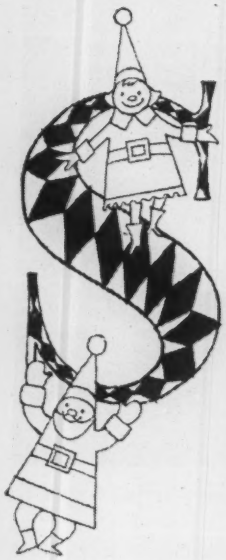


Gov. Herter of Mass. Chief Justice Warren.

Senator Paul Douglas, Dem. from Ill.

Gov. Averell Harriman of NY and former President Truman.

Goodwin J. Knight, Governor of Calif.



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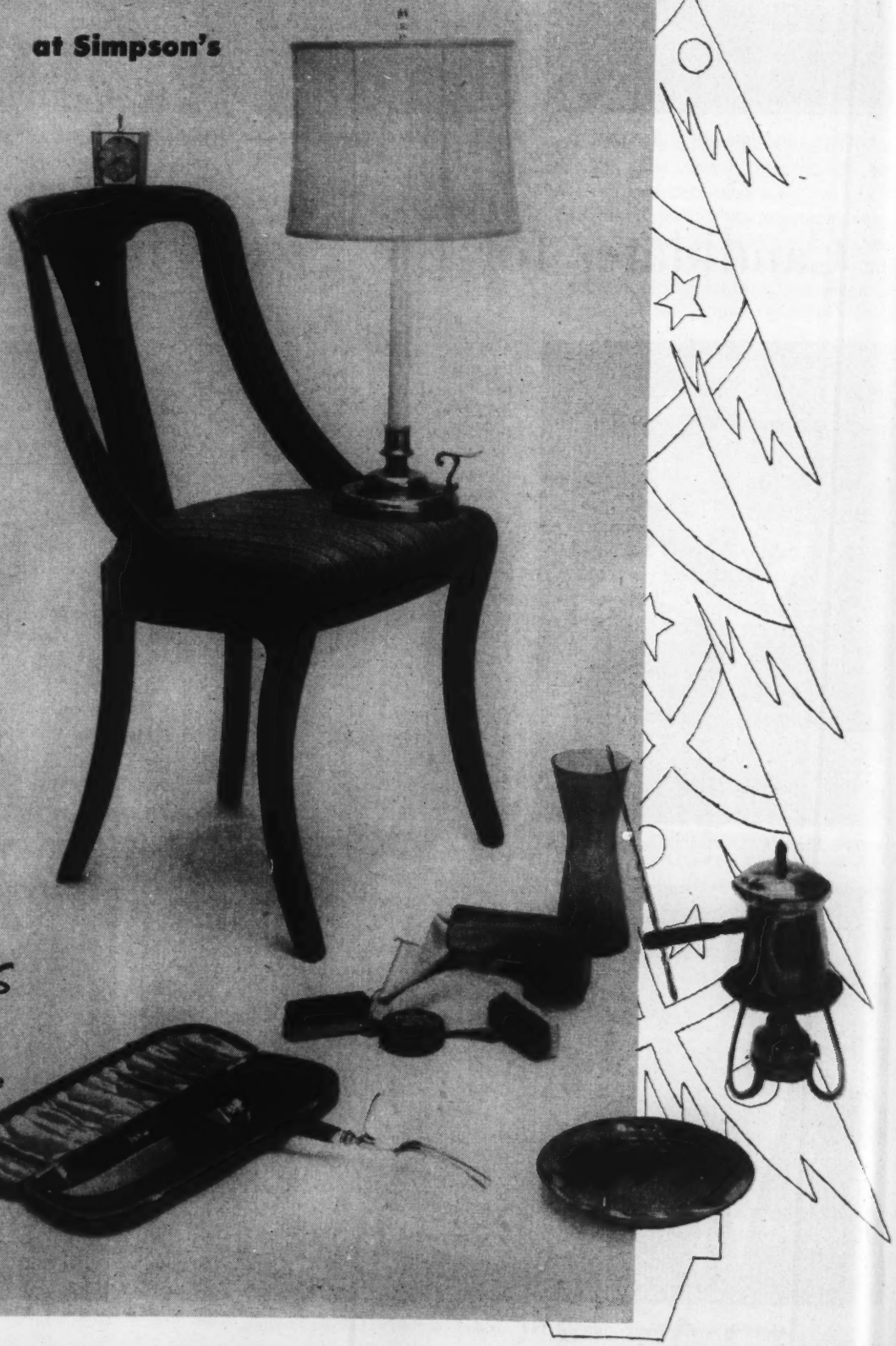

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The Ontario Story: Paradox of Progress

by Morley Callaghan

The "Golden Mile" near Toronto: Tremendous expansion.

TO A MAN born and raised in Ontario, as I was, it came as a shock to read in the newspapers the other day that my native province and its capital city, Toronto, have one of the most rapidly expanding economies in the whole world. It seems to be a boom province, yet not because of any one single factor like the discovery of oil in Alberta or Texas or the sudden opening up of new territory. It is as if the great North American productive machine has suddenly found a new centre.

In a sense an old territory is about to become a new one: not a new frontier where men break into the wilderness, yet a frontier just the same, in spite of its sleepy towns, solid citizens and venerable traditions; for every great area where there is a sudden tremendous expansion in production and a rapid influx of new peoples is in the throes of becoming something entirely different from what it was. That's what happens on a frontier.

But everybody in Canada is used to Ontario as it was. You meet Ontario all over Canada, even in Quebec by way of Montreal, and often wandering back and forth across the country I used to assure myself that the Ontario natives held the land together. Whether it was in the Maritimes, the western cities of the plains, or in Vancouver, the Ontario man was there with his recognizable manner and his little accent. He was the man from the settled and solid province, a rich province, of course, and he had the advantage of knowing what he was, where he came from, and more than the man from any other province outside Quebec, he knew what he stood for.

Now in the province, with the new giant economic forces at work, and the new people appearing on the streets with their strange accents, the old pattern — or what used to be accepted as the pattern, although I'm not sure it ever existed — may well be broken in little pieces. Soon it may not mean much by way of identification to say you came from Ontario. It may mean a lot more in your life to say that you are going to Ontario.

This, of course, is news to most natives. Until the other day I hadn't bothered to look around and see what was going on. But here are the facts. In 1939 the province had a population of 3,700,000; now it is over five million. The provincial income is nearly double what the national income of the whole of Canada was in 1939. Ontario attracts 65 per cent of the new interests coming from the United States. In ten years the industrial production has doubled. We have cut ourselves in for eighty per cent of the world's nickel, and a third of Canada's mineral production. And the lay of the land, the way old Ontario juts down between the great lakes and the St. Lawrence puts us adjacent to six States: the province is set there like a funnel ready to siphon off all the excess industrial energy from the south. And what is even more significant as far as the changing face of Ontario is concerned is the fact that 50 per cent of the immigrants coming to Canada, the new people, settle in Ontario.

With all this going on one has a nostalgic feeling for the Ontario that was, and even is, right now. As a boy I played up at Collingwood on Georgian Bay. Later I sold magazines from farm to farm through the Ottawa valley, I camped in the wildly operatic blue Algoma hills and have flown over those great wild stretches of northern Ontario with a thousand lakes below like a patchwork quilt. I have seen the Finnish women standing lonely at log cabin doors watching the trains go by and have realized that Ontario, larger than France and Spain put together, is just as diversified in landscape and peoples and yet always I have known that it is southern settled Ontario that has given the province the tone and temper that people in other provinces insist, rather ruefully, that they recognize. What the tone was supposed to be I could never quite figure out.

During the war, when speaking in a hall in Montreal, I paid a warm tribute to the greatness of France, and a French Canadian woman, really moved, said, "Of course it is true, but that you, from Ontario, should say these things!" It was as if she had come to believe out of her experience or her sense of history that there was some kind of official stamp put on every Ontario schoolboy. But she was fifty or seventy years out of date. She was thinking that our province had a social pattern and that pattern had an articulate voice. Well, the voice is still there and as articulate as ever, but the pattern was broken long ago. It was broken about 1837 at the time of the rebellion.

Prior to 1837, a merchant established in muddy York, being an Anglican and a Tory, was entitled to have some rosy dreams. He could see himself and what he stood for becoming the very warp and woof of the Ontario fabric. It was true that the French had been at the Ottawa, the Sault, Kingston and around Windsor, but they had lost a war; and ten years after the American revolution the United Empire Loyalists came in droves and in a hurry and got the best land along the

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St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario and points southwest. The Anglicans also got the great clergy reserves, and if Bishop Strachan had had his way (and certainly he tried), the University of Toronto would now be an Anglican college.

Anyone writing about Ontario has to take note of Bishop Strachan and what he stood for. If he had been an American he would have delighted H. L. Mencken; he should be tackled with relish and not with the hushed reverence of our school-book historians. But the social structure for the province set by men like Strachan, which still survives by way of nostalgic pretending and myth, was really broken by the men of the English reform movement, the influx of Scottish Presbyterians and the rise of the Methodist middle class. And after 1840, the Irish Catholics began to settle in Ontario.

These are the strains that in the main have shaped the life of Ontario, and it is odd how these faiths and nationalities found something in common that shows in the lives of most Ontario people today. It is a kind of sedate, orderly and pleasantly businesslike puritanism. The Irish Catholics fitted easily into the puritan mode, for they were the products of Irish Jansenism, a kind of Catholic puritanism. Of course, a people of a province in which this temper is dominant aren't the gayest and most colorful people in the world. In the pleasant, friendly Ontario towns there is certainly no siesta hour.

A friend of mine, a professor born in Ontario, who had been away for sixteen years in the Southern States, came home and insisted that he had no trouble spotting the dominant Ontario cultural influence: he said the Belfast Irish and the Scottish had set the tone for the whole province.

This is British and Irish Ontario, of course: it is articulate Ontario; and judging by the attitude of most editorial writers it is to have the influence that lasts forever. Not even in Belfast, London, or Victoria, BC, do they play "God Save the Queen" more readily than they do in Ontario. At the last Grey Cup football game, when Alouettes from Montreal were playing Edmonton, and the voice came over the loud speaker, "the National anthem", and the band opened with "O Canada", I was profoundly shocked. Never before had I heard any proceedings opened at Varsity stadium with "O Canada". I didn't write an indignant letter to the newspapers, but a great many old subscribers did.

No matter if Ontario should have a population soon of ten million — and it surely will, for the province can't stop growing and booming now — the voice of Old Ontario will probably go on being the official and articulate one. The other voices of the new, booming, expanding Ontario are not heard in song and story nor in the official school texts. Take a big city like Toronto that has hundreds of thousands of citizens of European descent. You don't see them represented often in the council chambers; their names are just beginning to appear in numbers in the learned professions. But on the football field and on the hockey rink, whether in the college league or the pro ranks, boys with Polish, Ukrainian and German names are starring and the crowd is used to the sound of their names.

And day by day there is the tremendous economic, political and cultural pressure on the province from the United States. If you go into a city like Windsor, you come away with the impression that it is a suburb of Detroit.

I sometimes think that Ontario is the most American of all the provinces: not officially, of course, not in public utterance, not in expressed sentiment, but in the little ways of daily living. It results in some nice paradoxes. I have heard Ontario businessmen speaking at banquets, sounding the aggressive and progressive note as they take pride in celebrating their identity as Canadians with something to sell to Canadians, and yet the whole tone is familiarly, strangely American; and I have often thought that it is the Ontario businessman, no matter what he says, or thinks he thinks, who spearheads the American expansion into Ontario.

I would like to report that the big cities of Ontario have a color and charm all their own, but these cities are so busy becoming something other than they are now that they can't be named for what they are. Who could describe Hamilton? It is a busy population centre with big steel mills and a great football club. Ottawa, of course, is different. Ottawa has something of its own. As a city it has a splendid and sedate neutrality. Being the capital city of Canada, it has to be full of civil servants, and civil servants tend to lead conservative and neutral lives. No one in his right mind would go to Ottawa on a mad binge. If he did he would soon reappear wearing a black homburg, horn rimmed glasses and carrying a brief case.

But Toronto is something else. Toronto is Ontario. This is a bold and shocking statement, but I have done some research in this matter. The native Torontonian is not disliked in the rest of Canada — he can't be, for people in the hinterland rarely meet him. They meet instead the Ontario boy who has settled in Toronto. At parties and public gatherings in Toronto I have gone around asking people there where they were born. Very few were native Torontonians. The city is full of aggressive Ontario boys who came there on the make. What is happening now to Ontario can be seen in big, booming, expanding, hardening Toronto, a rich city full of ambitious men, a city with many strange accents on the streets.

by Max Freedman

The Lust for Power Across the Border

PRESIDENT Eisenhower's heart attack has forced almost as many changes among the Democrats as in the Republican party. Instead of awaiting inevitable victory in next year's Presidential race, with Mr. Eisenhower as their candidate, the Republicans must now recover from a cruel stroke which has flung all their plans into disarray. As for the Democrats, they scent a change in the weather and many politicians are putting on their best attire to catch the voters' attention.

Indeed, the behavior of some of the leading Democrats is enough to disenchant one with public life forever. When Mr. Eisenhower seemed the inevitable candidate of the Republicans, everyone was pushing Adlai Stevenson forward as a sacrifice on the altar of party loyalty. But it is very different now, and so the jungle cats are once more on the prowl.

I have been shocked by what I have seen and heard among some Democratic leaders. Here is a lust for power so naked as to be indecent. Ambition extinguishes humility, and consistency becomes a cynical joke. And the spectacle is all the more degrading because it is one's friends who are misbehaving.

Ever since the 1952 campaign, Adlai Stevenson has known that he has few close friends among the active leaders of his party. They resented him as an outsider who had won the confidence of millions of Americans; they resented him even more as an outsider who had never learned how to work with the accredited leaders of the party in Congress and in the various States. This certainly was a weakness in Mr. Stevenson. President Roosevelt could pursue the Holy Grail while he had one arm 'round Boss Hague. Mr. Stevenson never learned that trick, and he was unable to identify himself with the party organization of which he was the nominal leader.

All the same, the fact remains that many political figures, of whom former President Truman and Governor W. Averell Harriman are only the two most conspicuous, have given the signal to regard Mr. Stevenson not as the destined

John Foster Dulles and George Humphrey: "The two most important members of the Eisenhower Administration in Washington".

champion of the Democratic party, but merely as yet another candidate who must win the prize against the whole field.

There is nothing wrong in these terms. The Democratic party owes nothing to Mr. Stevenson. It certainly cannot grant him the Presidential nomination as of right. What is inexcusable, however, is the sudden mist of cynical comment that arises in Washington whenever Mr. Stevenson's name is mentioned; and these pedlars of cynicism only too often were parading Mr. Stevenson's virtues a few weeks ago.

In fact, the one national figure who has emerged with distinction from the ordeal of the past few weeks is Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois. He announced long ago that he would support Mr. Stevenson for the nomination in 1956, although he had been the most influential supporter of Senator Estes Kefauver in 1952. He has clung to that decision in spite of all changes and while men all around him were making a mockery of their earlier commitments. Every now and then Senator Douglas shows a brave integrity that casts into the shadow the meretricious gifts of his more aspiring colleagues.

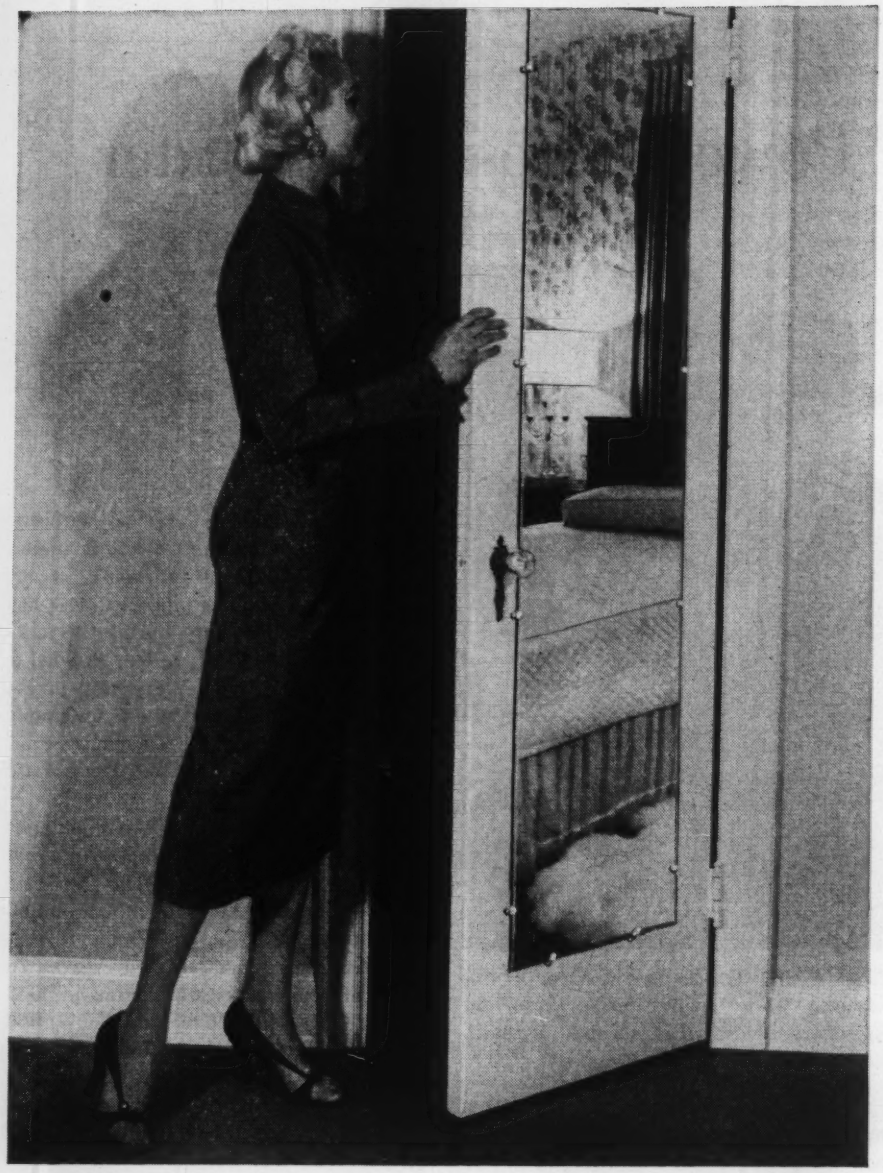
Senator Kefauver meanwhile has become the unknown factor in Democratic politics. Even the declared and unrepentant hostility of many senators, including the veteran leaders of the South, is not enough to destroy his chances. He has been out of the country during this critical period. As a result, he has avoided a false step during the President's illness and has been unstained by the ambitions and jealousies that have suddenly begun to strain the unity of the Democratic party.

Both Mr. Stevenson and Governor Harriman have indicated that they will avoid any strenuous contest to win the state primaries before the national convention next summer in Chicago. That is a prudent decision. Senator Kefauver was so skilful in winning these primaries in 1952 that he entered the nominating convention with the largest number of pledged delegates, even though almost every party leader had opposed him.

Many of Senator Kefauver's friends believe that the Democrats will choose him as their candidate in preference to a ruinous contest between Governor Harriman and Mr. Stevenson. We will discover how serious Senator Kefauver's bid will be a few weeks from now when he has had a chance to consult his friends across the country.

These unexpected discords and dissensions among the Democrats have revived Republican hopes, so sorely smitten by the President's illness. They believe that the efficiency and unity with which they lead the country, while Mr. Eisenhower is away from Washington, will persuade the voters that the Republican party has really been moulded in "the image of Eisenhower".

To the surprise of many observers, Vice-president Richard M. Nixon has emerged as the strongest candidate—at the moment—for the Republican nomination. This astonishing young man of 42 has a formidable array of political gifts, reinforced by ambition and hard work and a robust courage never successfully disputed by anyone. Against these assets, however, must be placed certain grave liabilities. His feud with Governor Good-



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win J. Knight of California may mean that he will be unable to carry his own state, a serious handicap for any candidate at a national convention. His statements on foreign policy, sometimes eccentric and often extreme, hardly fit him to be the recipient of the Eisenhower legacy. Above all, his part in the 1954 Congressional campaign alienated so many people that it may be very hard for him to win the independent vote. Without this independent support, no Republican could be elected President. But Vice-president Nixon has behaved with such dignity, restraint and responsibility since the President's illness that he has enlarged the public's respect for his ability as a national leader. He is very much the man to beat for the Republican nomination.

It can be stated with complete authority that Chief Justice Earl Warren and the members of his family will strenuously resist attempts to have him leave the Supreme Court and seek the Republican nomination.

At present the Chief Justice would decline even the most urgent and personal appeal by President Eisenhower. His friends hope he will remain fast in this resolve and keep the Supreme Court aloof from the currents of political speculation.

Senator William Knowland has only minority support but that situation would change quickly if the Taft organization chose him as its candidate. A name worth remembering is Governor Christian Herter of Massachusetts. He was a superb member of the House of Representatives, being one of the men primarily responsible for persuading so many Republicans to support the Marshall Plan and NATO. A scholar in public affairs, he has displayed his capacity for administration by his admirable record as Governor.

With the President able to give only intermittent leadership, the two most important members of the Eisenhower Administration in Washington have become John Foster Dulles, the Secretary of State, and George Humphrey, the Secretary of the Treasury. This means there will be no abrupt spectacular changes in either domestic or foreign policy.

The great unanswered question in Washington is what effect the President's illness will have upon the Executive's relations with Congress next year. Even a robust President would have met rough weather in an election year. The members of both parties will be unduly sensitive to local needs in the next few months. Only President Eisenhower has the moral prestige and national stature to recall Congress to its essential duties. It will be a domestic misfortune and an international hazard if President Eisenhower's recovery fails to be sufficiently complete to allow him to give continuous and constructive leadership to Congress during the next critical months.

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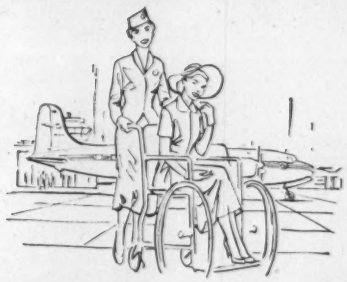

"My daughter uses a folding wheel chair and when we came down at Bermuda the stewardess suggested taking Janet out in her chair for some sunshine. We know that this is very unusual service."

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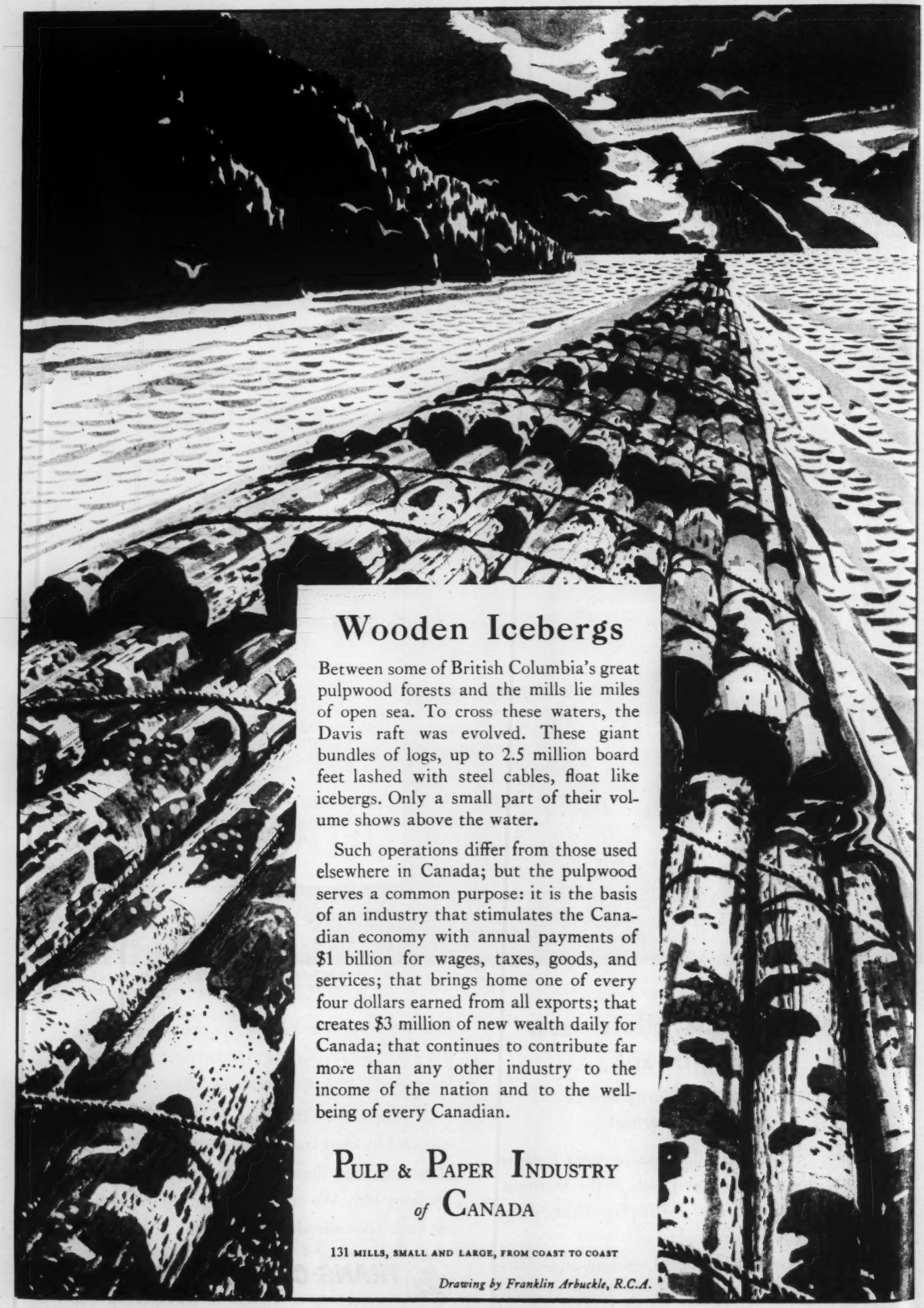

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Such operations differ from those used elsewhere in Canada; but the pulpwood serves a common purpose: it is the basis of an industry that stimulates the Canadian economy with annual payments of $1 billion for wages, taxes, goods, and services; that brings home one of every four dollars earned from all exports; that creates $3 million of new wealth daily for Canada; that continues to contribute far more than any other industry to the income of the nation and to the well-being of every Canadian.

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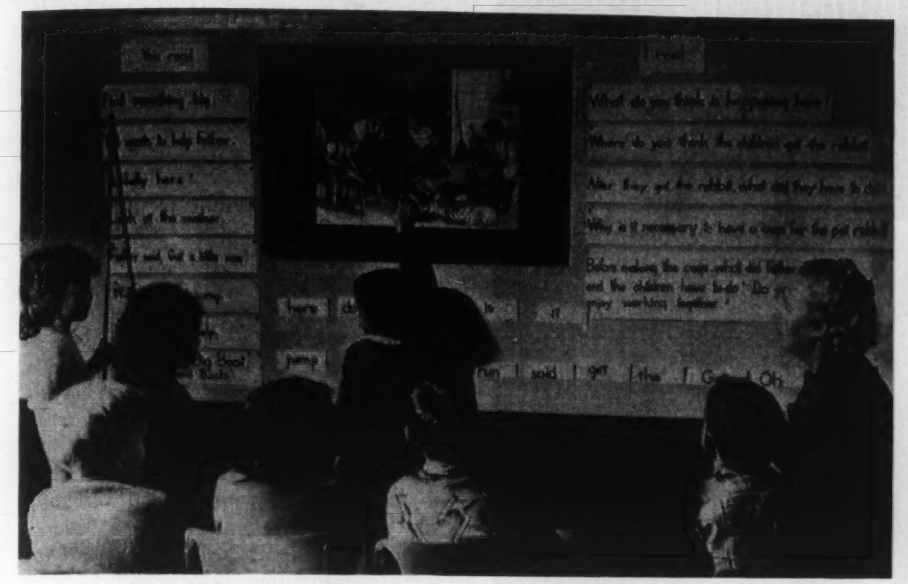
131 MILLS, SMALL AND LARGE, FROM COAST TO COAST

Drawing by Franklin Arbuckle, R.C.A.



Phonics or Word-Recognition? Good teachers have always used both.

Hard Facts About Young Readers

by C. H. Savage

NOT SO LONG ago when a child was doing badly in school it was blamed on his tonsils or adenoids. A quick trip to the doctor and the removal of the organs under suspicion was supposed to make Jack a bright boy once more. Now the universal cause of failure in school is supposed to be poor reading; and Remedial Reading is expected to do for the modern boy what the removal of his adenoids failed to do for his father.

There is no doubt that the school is faced with a difficult problem in trying to discover why some children are poor readers and to what extent they can be helped, but unfortunately this very real problem has been almost completely lost sight of in an angry dispute over the relative merits of two systems of teaching reading, one called the Phonetic Method and the other the Word-Recognition Method.

There are two kinds of Reading: (a) that which is concerned with getting a meaning by looking at written words, and, (b) that which is concerned mainly with reproducing the sounds represented by written words. The first of these is generally called Silent Reading and the second is referred to as Oral Reading. No small part of the confusion apparent in many of the arguments about Reading is due to a failure to distinguish between these two types of reading.

In a completely phonetic language where each letter always represents the same speech sound oral reading presents few problems. Modern languages range from some European ones that are almost perfectly phonetic to English where the relationship between the symbols we call the alphabet and the sounds that are speech is so extraordinarily irregular that the language might almost be called unphonetic.

In several highly phonetic European languages it is not unusual for a child by the end, or even the middle, of Grade Two to be able to read orally practically anything that has been written in his native tongue—without understanding much or any part of what is being read.

The European reading in the lower grades which critics such as Dr. Rudolf Flesch refer to as being superior to that done by our pupils, is *Oral* Reading, and the superiority is due to the difference in the phonetic structures of the languages used. There is no evidence that in reading for comprehension these pupils are in any way superior to our own, or that the superiority in Oral Reading persists so obviously beyond the first two or three grades. There is, of course, no disputing the fact that correct pronunciation and correct spelling are always far more likely to occur *at any level* in a highly phonetic language than in a language like English, but that is just one of the disadvantages that we must put up with when we use English.

The argument for an exclusively phonetic approach to the teaching of all English reading, when based on the success of such a system in teaching the *oral* reading of highly phonetic European languages, is not valid and may be dismissed.

Probably not too many people have been concerned about this comparison between European and North American methods, but I doubt if there is a single parent with children in school who has

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not at some time or other been drawn into the controversy concerning the Phonetic and Word Methods of teaching.

I have before me two series of Readers: one used in the first two years of instruction in Reading in a school in Dundee, Scotland, and the other used for the first two years of instruction in Reading in many English-speaking schools in Canada and the United States. The system used in Dundee is called a Phonic Method and that used in the Canadian books is referred to as the Word-Recognition Method. An analysis of the two years' work shows that there is just as much definite phonetic training given in the Word Method series as in the Phonic, while even on the first page of the Phonic Primer there is a list of "look-and-say" words which are given fully as much prominence as the "sound-and-say" words that form the basis of the phonetic instruction.

Basically there is little difference between the two systems described; and that is pretty well true about any of the modern methods of teaching reading whether they are labelled Phonic or Word-Recognition. Modern text-books have deliberately combined the two methods.

When we taught reading by the Phonetic system we turned out many good readers and quite a few poor ones. Now that we use the Word-Recognition system we continue to turn out many good readers and quite a few poor ones.

There seems little doubt but that the reasons why we have poor readers now are the same as they have always been and have little or nothing to do with the *technical method* of teaching being followed.

What then are these reasons?

The first and by far the most common reason for poor reading is inadequate verbal intelligence. One half of our population have verbal intelligence quotients below 100. These people will never be good readers, particularly of material that is in any way abstract. This is a simple fact; a situation to be accepted, not a problem to be solved. In the past the great majority of these people left school at an early age and many took up work at which they prospered, for there is no correlation between high academic ability and good citizenship or morals or emotional stability or many types of financial success. Now these children remain in school at least through early and middle adolescence and the fact that they are indifferent or poor readers becomes very evident. But they are poor readers because of their intellectual endowment not because they were taught by either the word-recognition or the phonetic method.

It is not easy for the school to make this statement to the parent nor is the latter particularly anxious to accept it as an explanation. The parent, quite naturally, would much rather say that a child

is a poor reader because he has been taught by a poor method.

Inadequate verbal intelligence accounts for by far the greater part of all cases of "poor" reading and for this group Remedial Reading can do almost nothing. That is why it is so cruelly misleading to put forward Remedial Reading as a cure for all "poor" reading.

The remaining cases of poor reading, and they are the only ones that should be classed as remediable, are easily defined. They are the cases where the student, although intellectually capable of reading up to the standard required, is not doing so. Such cases exist at every intellectual level.

The cause of failure in these cases is generally referred to in professional circles as a "block", for a deficiency in reading will block almost any academic progress a child might otherwise make.

What are some of these "blocks"?

The one most obvious to parents is a poor teacher. Failure to keep reasonable order in a class, unfair treatment of individuals, lack of technical knowledge, lack of interest, lack of personality, lack of good judgment, are all obvious indications of a poor teacher and are all possible reasons for a child's failure.

The "block" most obvious to teachers is poor parents. Too severe or too indulgent, uninterested or over-anxious, too critical of the teacher and of the methods used in the school, nagging and fault finding, insincerity, dishonesty: all these provide an atmosphere in which laziness, disinterest and antagonism develop readily and failure becomes probable.

Other important blocks are crowded classes, poor equipment and poor health; but if the teacher and the parent are really "good" nothing else seems to matter too seriously. The fact is that when verbal intelligence is adequate the cause of "blocks" at the school level is far more likely to be emotional than technical. And it is for this reason that remedial work is so difficult and frequently has such meagre success.

From all this three pertinent facts emerge.

The first is that Remedial Reading is no cure-all.

The second is that as far as failures are concerned it makes no difference whether the method used in teaching reading is labelled Phonetic or Word-Recognition. Good teachers have always combined these two methods.

And third: when verbal intelligence is adequate the cause of failure in reading at the school level is generally due to a poor teacher or unsatisfactory home influence rather than to any particular technical method of teaching.

Mr. Savage is Superintendent of Schools, Westmount, Que.

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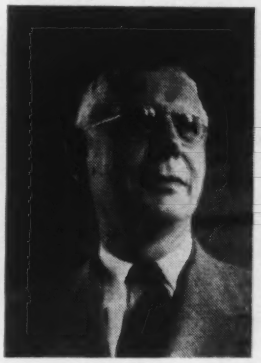
Persona Grata

'Old Man Ontario'

"My grey hair has come from all the evil things people say about me," joked the Hon. Leslie Frost at election time. The Ontario Prime Minister's hair is certainly more white than black, but this can scarcely be due to the abuse of his fellow-citizens, for the remarkable thing is how nice most people are about the man who has dominated the Provincial Government for the last six years, virtually annihilated all parliamentary opposition in two general elections—and invited some invidious comparisons within his own party by his personal triumph. As his long-time sparring partner, Joseph Salsberg, the last Communist representative in the Legislature remarks: "You can't help liking the man personally".



Leslie Frost

"Les" Frost has, indeed, sold himself to the people of Ontario, in a way comparable to Mr. St. Laurent's success in the country as a whole. His manner may be a little more homely than Uncle Louie's, befitting one who practised law in the "backwoods" of Lindsay rather than on the Grande Allée of Quebec. But he has become the other uncle, in fact if not in name, to most Ontario citizens. And it must be comforting at polling time, to know that the two securely-established uncles, though they belong to different clubs, get along so well together.

If Mr. Frost has sold himself to the people of Ontario, it is due, in the first place, to the accident of birth. He was born in Orillia in 1895. Scots descent, a Methodist upbringing, an early political (though non-partisan) initiation from his father, an honorable military career in the First World War, in which he served with the Simcoe Regiment and was wounded near Arras in March, 1918, the years of small-town law practice at Lindsay where he and his brother bought a partnership with their war gratuity—all this amounted to the right background for a political appeal. And Mr. Frost has struck the right note in this appeal with ever-increasing response since he was first elected to the Legislature in 1937 (he had been defeated in an initial run in 1934). The speeches may, to some people's ears, sound corny with their folksy allusions to "that young giant", Old Man Ontario, their repetitive banalities and well-worn clichés, rambling on through passages of New World optimism and Scots caution to the oft-deferred but inevitable moral conclusion. But there is no doubt that they are generally well received and, as a prerequisite, sincerely delivered in his soft drawl.

There is no doubt, too, that Mr. Frost has a real feeling for the history of Ontario, which figures in so many of his speeches, and indeed, for the past as a whole. He has made a study of his own family origins. His war experience left him, like ex-President Truman, with a taste for military history (and a distaste for the frontal attack). And he has collected quite a library on Abraham Lincoln, though, characteristically, he admits to some sentimental sympathy for the South. He has, in fact, been recently combining a tour of the Civil War battlefields with a visit to the Tennessee Valley Authority—hydro development being much in his mind these days. Moreover, the effectiveness of his speeches is matched by his personal contacts with all and sundry. It has been said that he seldom eats at a hotel without thanking the chef, or gets off an elevator without speaking to the operator. Here again, it is unlikely that such good public relations could be long maintained without a genuine liking for people. In his public life he has been vastly helped by his wife Gertrude, whom he married in 1926. Mrs. Frost likes to tell the story of the woman who came up to her after a meeting and by way of a compliment exclaimed: "I never thought you'd be so plain". It takes more, of course, than a modest background, a ready tongue and an avuncular manner to keep a Premier in office through two general elections, even in a period of great prosperity. "Flexible Frost", as an opponent dubbed him, has proved to be a most skilful parliamentarian and a capable executive.

He first made a name for himself as a financial critic of the Hepburn Government and on Select Committees dealing with the administration of justice, social security and hydro. Notwithstanding an admitted lack of technical knowledge, he turned out to be a successful Minister of Mines in the Drew Government, in addition to his responsibilities as Provincial Treasurer. As Premier, he has continued to build up a staff of able advisers and economists and to leave his colleagues to run their own departments with a minimum of interference. He has not, it is

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true, had to face any major crises during his tenure of office, but he has presided over the destinies and problems of a rapidly developing province with singular adroitness. The protracted goldminers' strike at Timmins brought him a few brickbats from labor unions—"an utter hypocrite" —but it collapsed without repercussions. The scandal in the Highways Department, unearthed by chance, was ridden out at the last elections with apparent success and Mr. Frost could refer blandly, in his Budget Speech this year, to the uncovering of these dishonest practices as an incidental feature of tackling a historical problem. Last winter's unemployment could be blamed on the Federal Government.

More positively, the Premier can point to some impressive statistics: to a current capital program by government and public authorities in the Province exceeding $700 million; to twelve consecutive budget surpluses; to an increase of over 35 per cent in living standards during this period, and a five-fold increase in the combined expenditure on education, health and welfare. If in some respects the pensions and allowances still seem niggardly for such a wealthy province, it must be remembered how very much behind the times—and in some instances non-existent—they were even twelve years ago. It can only be held against Mr. Frost that in general he has shown himself excessively cautious and in some instances somewhat unimaginative. "A little here, a little there, and then wait for more next year."

Something of his success as a politician and administrator can be ascribed to the atmosphere of relaxation which he engenders. Perhaps the easy-going manner is a trifle studied in the Legislature. And he is surely not a soft man when it comes to dealing with awkward problems and people behind the scenes. But he can still give the impression that he really has the inclination—and time—to "talk things over" with anyone who cares to drop in at his old-fashioned office in Queen's Park, brightened by chrysanthemums, as he swings back in his chair—a tall, slightly over-weight figure in sober clothes which seem to have the right, casual touch of untidiness. The wide, humorous mouth belies the note of austerity in the rimless glasses.

Mr. Frost does, indeed, live a pleasantly relaxed existence as far as possible. As a youth he used to go in for swimming, canoeing and basketball, but today he contents himself with some "very leisurely" fishing and curling. Two years ago he went to hospital with a serious infection arising from his old war wound in the hip, which still causes him a slight limp, and his health is not too robust. But he maintains that the pleasant dreams of retirement, held by so many persons of his

age, are an "illusion". His home at Lindsay is filled with books and if he was not exactly born in a log-cabin like his hero Abe Lincoln, he spends a good deal of time in a picturesque one on Sturgeon Lake which he has filled with family antiques. He and his wife like to travel by day coach and they have an outboard motor-boat with which to attract the young. Although they have none of their own, they are particularly fond of children.

In his solid administrative reputation and evident electoral appeal, in his inclination—and capacity—for compromise, in the almost imperturbable geniality which can prove so disconcerting to some parliamentary opponents, an increasing number of people are seeing a national opportunity. Is "Uncle" Leslie the man to step into the shoes of Uncle Louie? For obvious reasons he and his immediate adherents discourage such speculations. Hasn't he expressed a nostalgic desire "to devote all my time to the practice of law in Lindsay" and said that "the way of life in a town like Lindsay has a tremendous appeal to me"? And, indeed, he is still estimated by some Conservatives as a "small-town" man with a limited intellectual horizon. Against these factors must be set the indications of an increasing concern with broader issues, especially in the crucial field of U.S. relations, and a new note of authority, not to say exuberance. "I handled it before, didn't I?" he replied after his election, to doubts about his huge majority. "I stimulated the individual thinking and actions of the members and I used the capabilities of everyone."

Regardless of his future, Leslie Miscampbell Frost has already made a significant contribution to Canadian politics at a national level. He has sometimes been accused of being a Liberal at heart and certainly he is no flag-waving Tory of the old school; in fact, he disclaims any party philosophy. "I'm a pragmatist—let's look at each question on its merits and see what's for the good of the country—let's be reasonable." Yet he is a man who recognizes the importance of constitutional checks.

When two years ago Mr. Frost was invited by the Liberal Premier of Manitoba to address the Manitoba Union of Municipalities, he stressed the interdependence of the provinces. "The flourishing conditions in Ontario are dependent upon similar conditions in other provinces." Whatever his reservations when it comes to tax agreements, it is clear that he sees this constitutional-economic issue as the challenge of the time. And among the premiers there is probably none so well fitted to deal with this issue as the conciliatory and traditionally-minded lawyer from a small Ontario town, who can still put his tongue in his cheek after the most pious cliché and urge people not to take themselves too seriously.

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LESLIE M. FROST
PRIME MINISTER

The Government of the Province of

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Foreign Affairs

The Altar and The Throne

by Adrian Liddell Hart

In the world today there are still twenty five sovereign states, outside the Commonwealth, which can be described as monarchies. Several of these, however, are somewhat inconspicuous, such as the European principalities of Liechtenstein and Monaco, the Arab states of Yemen and Oman and the Far Eastern countries of Laos and Bhutan. And in only two of the major states of the world—Britain and Japan—have the royal dynasties survived the great national and social upheavals of this century.

This is a trend which used to give considerable satisfaction to republican-minded people, especially in the United States. But it is evidently viewed with more mixed feelings today, at least by the editors who have discovered that the popular interest in far-away countries is largely conditioned by its royal personalities, if any. And as things go, this interest has to be concentrated on what remains. Hence, the activities of British Royalty are the focus of world attention.

In its relations with the public the British Crown has passed through many vicissitudes and changes of attitude. The free-and-easy ways of Charles II, who used to walk around the streets with his spaniels, chatting with passers-by, gave place to the pompous solemnities of the early Hanoverians. (It was George III's Queen Charlotte from Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who apparently thought up the Royal Marriage Act which has just recently caused such embarrassment.) And when the *Times* published a scathing obituary of George IV, it had no compunction in referring to his successor as "grotesque". Queen Victoria threatened to abdicate in 1854 at the nadir of her popularity and stayed on to become the unique object of veneration at the close of the century. And Edward VII survived the scandal of a law-court appearance to become the respected "peacemaker".

It is said that George V on being informed in the early part of his reign that some Labour MPs had referred to his court as alien and uninspiring, exploded: "I may be uninspiring but I'll be damned if I'm an alien". However, those of us who were in England at the time can remember the hushed reverence which surrounded the throne in his last years—only to be rudely shattered by the Abdication Crisis. The reign of the late King began in a more matter-of-fact atmosphere than the previous one—and certainly a more restrained atmosphere than the present one. It is important to remind ourselves of these facts when another royal crisis has provoked a spate of unhistorical, silly and possibly harmful misconceptions about "the altar and the throne".

The first misconception concerns the true constitutional nature of the relation between the Crown and the Church of England. The fact that the Church of England is the Established State Church in England and the Sovereign the constitutional head of it is, of course, undeniable—though it arises from a divorce case which did little credit to either the King or the Archbishop of the time. But to infer from this that the Church has any real place in the evolutionary constitutional set-up which joins King, Parliament and People, is just as absurd as to claim that the bishops have any right of veto over the progressive legislation which for many years they were instrumental in blocking in the House of Lords. There is, indeed, much to be said for disestablishing the Anglican Church altogether—as Lord Beaverbrook's papers advocate—and relegating the present Primate to the more modest role which his attainments would seem to warrant.

The second and more popular misconception is that, irrespective of the constitutional relation, no member of the Royal Family ought to offend the prejudices of a particular religious group—because the monarchy is, in some way, a divine institution. The British monarchy had a quasi-divine status in the distant past and I think it is true to say that in the recent years there has been a revival of the mystical element. At the time of the Coronation, indeed, it was suggested that with the gradual diminution in constitutional power and *raison d'être* had returned a sense of the old magic of the ancient monarchy, of the "divine king".

In this respect it would not, I think, be an exaggeration to say that in their atti-

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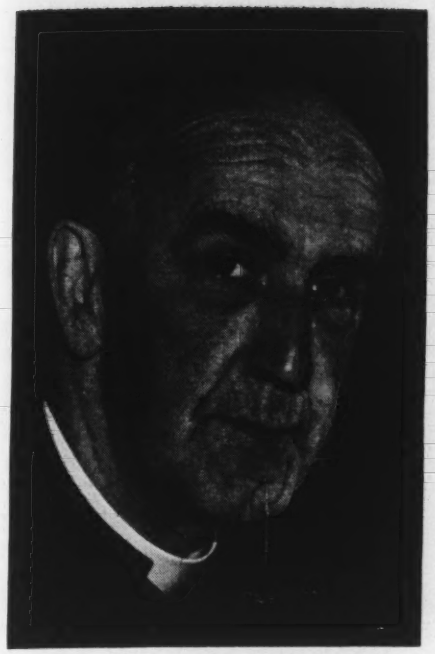
Micro Plastics Limited of Acton, Ontario, the largest producer of extruded plastics in Canada, announce the following executive appointments: N. L. Bowles as Treasurer, J. H. Reid as Vice-President in Charge of Sales, A. R. Long as Vice-President in Charge of Manufacturing. Directors of the Company are: N. L. Bowles, J. K. Cooke, A. R. Long, J. R. Mooney, J. H. Reid, N. M. Watt.



Canterbury: A more modest role?

tude the British resemble the Japanese more closely than they do Scandinavians with their representative "business" concepion of the monarchy—which allows for informal activities. But the British monarchy is at least eleven hundred years old (not nearly so old, it is claimed, as the Japanese or the Ethiopian). It goes back beyond the Church of England and all other state institutions and has its roots, indeed, in the dim pagan past. The nature of the throne has, in fact, very little to do with Christianity as we now know it. And today, moreover, the Sovereign has millions of subjects who are not even formally Christian—the recent announcement that the Princess would visit the Buddhist Kingdom of Ceylon might be taken as a timely reminder of this fact.

So we come to the formal, representational functions of the monarchy. Bagehot in his *English Constitution,* on which King George V was brought up, insists that "the occupations of a constitutional monarchy are grave, formal, important, but never exciting". However, he suggests that "a family on the throne is an interesting idea, also. It brings down the pride of sovereignty to the level of petty life." That this "interesting idea" can work both ways is only too evident. However, it is not so much the conduct of the Royal Family as the behavior of the Press and the Public and more immediately the Clergy, which has diminished the dignity of this valuable function of royalty.

No one can seriously deny that the popular British Press has descended to abject depths not only during this latest contretemps, but for several years past. One has only to recall the frightful "Crawfie", a former governess of the Princesses, who eventually met her well-deserved end in the pages of the *Woman's Journal* or some such paper, when she

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described in the usual sickening detail an "intimate" royal scene—which had never taken place owing to sudden cancellation. The Royal Family has been badly served by their servants—and by the somewhat ludicrous Public Relations establishment at Court. But is this the whole story? Malcolm Muggeridge, the Editor of *Punch*, has suggested that the Royal Family "had come to develop a taste for the publicity which in theory they find so repugnant" as a result of excessive adulation. He went so far as to say that, as a result, "the United States Presidency is today a far more dignified institution than the British monarchy". There is no doubt that the false glamorization of the Queen and her sister as young women evidenced by the inappropriate pin-ups, has undermined the proper respect for the Sovereign and the monarchical institution.

Finally, the silliest misconception that has been spread around concerns the unifying role of the monarchy as a symbol of the nation—and the Commonwealth. It is suggested that to offend the prejudices of a section of the people will endanger not only the monarchy but the whole unity of the country. This is nonsense. Even in the case of the Belgians with a much more real, if mistaken, issue and a far more naturally divided people, the fact that Leopold has stayed King in all but law has not wrecked the unity of Belgium. No one could seriously suppose that the conduct of the Queen's sister was going to destroy the unity of a nation like Britain. There was even a report that the South African Government was opposed to the marriage for fear of weakening a bulwark against Communism — a fine source for such a fear!

There is, indeed, rather over-much importance attached to the necessity of unity in England, as in other countries. And the theory that the fate of the monarch would prejudice the "unity" of the Commonwealth, which was canvassed at the time of Edward VIII's abdication, hardly bears examination since the principle of member republics within the Commonwealth was admitted.

This is not, I think, a matter which deeply affects the majority of Canadians today, whatever the churches say, though it does, of course, agitate some of the more vocal and influential. The monarchy in England, which is the subject of this discussion, is surrounded by an English Court, a complex English society and ancient traditions. The monarchy in Canada, however, is essentially representative, though it has, of course, been affected by the flood of publicity. It would seem better to keep it that way and, accordingly, to treat visiting royalty in a simpler and perhaps more welcome fashion. Nor would the symbol of Canadian nationhood—and of British association for some—seem to require any religious sanction, involving fruitless recriminations.

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Three Poems

by Louis Dudek

To a Red and a Black Shirt

The history of Europe—you, and you—
if it was one for the better (which you
make all doubt)
was not how people got an easier life for
any one class,
remember, but how they won liberty—
though liberty itself may have been a
means
to better rags, or books.
But now, you and you
think you can take away
something the world had never known
in ten thousand years, and won
in three hundred of blood . . .
quicker to give the proletariat its due,
or to save sound culture from the mass.
But you ignore the means.
Without the body, men cannot dance;
without the brain, they cannot sing.

Two Nations

Living in a Province where politically our
hands are tied.
Nationalism. The Church.
They become more ignorant
by reaction from every good idea we
have:
We pay the price
for history, for conquest:
for sitting down on it—
they being sat on.
And neither of us really wants to get
anywhere
but only to keep what we have.
Immovable,
a death-grip of giant snails.

"Réflections sur la foi
De notre littérature."

MONTREALER ESTABLISHES $250,000 FUND TO SPONSOR RETURN TO TRADITIONAL ART

Economic Crisis

(*Montreal Star, May 31, 1955*)

On page 31 a professor says
our economy can't employ all the people
we have;

on page 13 a professor says we need more
people
to consume all the goods we have.

It's clear we need a population of the
"artist type"
who will be willing to consume

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Ontario Letter

The Political Climate

by John A. Stevenson

ONTARIO with over 5 million inhabitants contains today about a third of Canada's total population, and its rich resources, its proximity to many of the great industrial centres of the United States and such developments as the construction of the St. Lawrence Seaway offer the prospect that it will grow more rapidly in wealth and population than any other province. So the influence (already too powerful in the eyes of some other provinces) which its citizens can exercise upon the formulation of our national policies is more likely to increase than wane in the years that lie ahead, and some examination of the political record of Ontario and a prognosis of its future chapters seems apposite.

In the days when Ontario was called Upper Canada party alignments first took definite shape in the long struggle for responsible government and for a good many years there was a reasonable equilibrium in the strength of the Tories and the Reformers. But after 1825 the Reform party, the progenitor of the Liberal, received a marked reinforcement from a steady annual inflow of Scottish immigrants. They came from a country which for two generations had suffered from the repressive tyrannies of a reactionary Toryism. After passage of the great Reform bill of 1832, which opened the sluicegates for the tides of democracy to flow freely, for the next half century first Whigism and later Liberalism was so predominantly the political faith of the middle and lower classes of Scotland that only in rare elections was more than a handful of Tory members returned for the 72 Scottish seats.

So these Scottish immigrants, mostly small farmers, farm laborers and artisans like the handloom weavers deprived of work by the industrial revolution, who moved into Ontario between 1825 and 1860, were almost to a man haters of Toryism, aristocratic pretensions and special privilege of all kinds and, being Presbyterians, had no love for the Anglican Church, which enjoyed a favored position. They were, moreover, accompanied by a substantial contingent of immigrants from Ulster, who had the same social background and the same religious and political outlook.

After George Brown, a very able Scot, established the Toronto *Globe* in 1844 and made it the chief organ of the Reform party, these Scots and Ulstermen, acepting him as their bell-wether and his paper as their political bible, became the

hard core of the Reform party and its heir, the Liberal party.

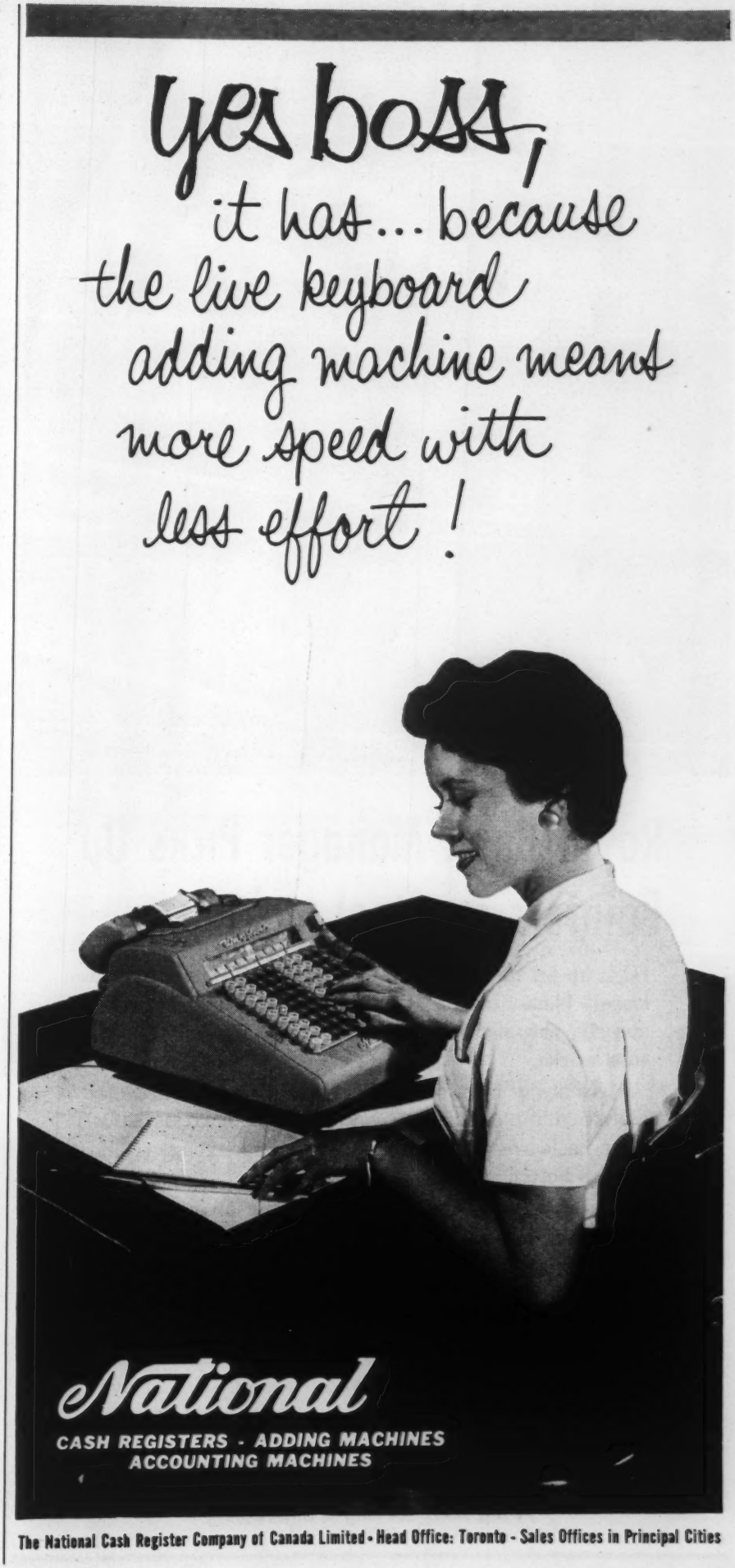
Party warfare in Ontario was suspended for the achievement of Confederation and after it the first Premier of Ontario was John Sandfield Macdonald, a Liberal, who was friendly to the Tory Prime Minister at Ottawa, Sir John A. Macdonald. His exit from power in 1871 was followed by a succession of Liberal Ministries headed by Edward Blake, Sir Oliver Mowat, A. S. Hardy and Sir George Ross, so that the Liberals held power without interruption until 1905.

But Sir John Macdonald, who for most of this period led the Tory party in the Federal arena, was also a Scot and there is reasonably clear evidence that a considerable number of his racial compatriots in Ontario, without forswearing their Liberal faith, voted for him in Federal elections. It is the only explanation why in the Federal elections of 1878, 1882, 1887 and 1891, when Ontario's quota of Federal seats ranged between 85 and 92, the Conservatives were able to carry 59, 54, 52 and 48 of them during an era when their poll in provincial elections was relatively poor.

Sir John also skilfully reinforced the appeal which his National Policy made to the industrial workers of Ontario by giving trade unions a legal status and by securing his party's nomination in Hamilton for what he called "Whitton, the laboring man".

In the election of 1896, which ended the long ascendancy of the Conservative party at Ottawa, the Liberals actually had a net loss of one seat in Ontario, when they were carrying most of the other provinces, and they clung to power at Queen's Park until the Tories found a first rate leader in Sir James Whitney. He started a long spell of supremacy for his party and in the half-century between 1905 and 1955, it has only been interrupted by the agrarian regime of E. C. Drury and the resurgence of the Liberals into office from 1934 to 1943, of which the redoubtable "Mitch" Hepburn was the architect. So, counting John Sandfield Macdonald as a Liberal and omitting the Drury regime, the Liberals since Confederation have held power in Ontario for 47 years and the Tories for 37. But in sixteen Federal elections after Confederation, in only one, held in 1872, did the Liberals carry a majority of the seats in Ontario, 50 out of 88, and in four elections—in 1911, 1917, 1921 and 1925—their tally of seats was respectively 13, 8, 21 and 12 out of a total always in excess of 80.

The Conservative hold upon the Federal seats of the province remained strong until the election of 1935, when there was a sudden switch of political sentiment in favor of Liberalism. Since then, the Tories, although they regained con-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trol of the provincial government in 1943, have only achieved one success for their efforts to retrieve their fortunes. It was recorded in the election of 1945 when the leadership of John Bracken, an acknowledged expert upon agricultural problems, brought so many rural seats back into the fold of the Tories that their quota from Ontario rose to 48 out of 86. It declined woefully in the elections of 1949 and 1953 to 25 and 33.

Now the odds are that, if Prime Minister St. Laurent leads the Liberal party in the next Federal election, he will, especially if he realizes his hopes of making peace with Premier Duplessis, be able to keep for the Liberal party most of the 66 seats which it now holds in Quebec. So Mr. Drew and his party, if they are to gain a majority at Ottawa, must capture at least 25 or 30 Liberal seats in Ontario. And it is equally vital for the Liberal party to hold these seats, because omens indicate that it will suffer losses in the Atlantic provinces and British Columbia and its chances of improving its position in the prairie country are slim. Obviously, if Liberal representation from Ontario were seriously pared down, the bloc of French-Canadian Liberal members, if kept intact, would be in a position to shape the policies of the party and such a development would be decidedly unpalatable to many English-speaking Liberals. Accordingly, Ontario promises to be the chief battleground of the next Federal election.

Any attempt at divination of the political future of Ontario must take cognizance of a great change in the racial texture of its population. Fifty years ago there was a French-Canadian fringe in the easternmost counties, in Essex County and the northland; there was a large German element in Waterloo County and a few other sections and there were some

George Drew: 25 more seats.

Polish settlements in the Ottawa Valley. The great bulk of the population was of British or Irish stock and cities like Toronto, Hamilton, London and Windsor harbored few people of other racial breeds. But today all these cities contain an extraordinary mixture of people.

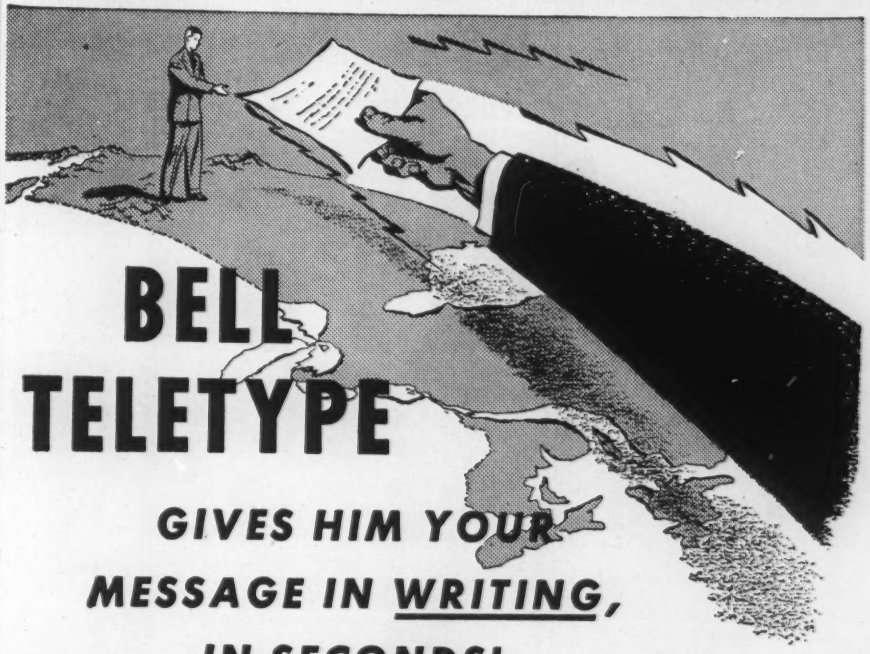
These contingents of foreign-born citizens, generally ignorant of the record of our political parties, would tend to be a floating vote. But the Liberals have contrived to spread the impression that they are the most reliable guardians of the newcomers' interests and to get the most of their votes. The Progressive Conservatives, tagged with the charge that they look upon people not of British blood as "lesser breeds without the law", have been getting only a small fraction of this vote.

There has also been a steady enlargement of the French-speaking population of Ontario, with the result that its vote now controls the four easternmost counties, Prescott, Russell, Glengarry and Stormont, and can, if solidly mobilized, be the decisive factor in two divisions of Essex and some northern seats. Moreover, there are said to be nowadays at least 20,000 French-Canadians in the Toronto area, and their vote has to be reckoned with in elections in Kingston, where 40 years ago it was negligible. In Federal elections, these French-Canadian citizens of Ontario have in the main shown a steady fidelity to the Liberal party, but in recent provincial elections judicious concessions about educational rights offered by Mr. Drew and Mr. Frost have won over to the Tory side most of the seats in which the French-Canadian vote predominates.

The voting in the last provincial election and in the Federal by-election in the Spadina division suggests that the stock of the CCF in Ontario has slumped badly and that it can only count upon the support of a limited section of the industrial workers.

As industry expands, the labor vote will increase and the two old parties should not cherish the delusion that they will be able indefinitely to secure a large share of it. On both sides of the international boundary a consolidation of great rival labor organizations is on the verge of completion and the voting power at the disposal of the merged bodies is already formidable. Moves for separate political action by labor in the United States may be postponed for some years, but it is almost inevitable that sooner or later there will be a drastic political realignment through which an American labor party will replace the Democratic party as the party of the Left. The infection of this move will certainly spread to Canada and the new Canadian Labor Congress. It would mean that the whole picture of politics in Ontario would undergo a radical transformation.

SAME CITY OR ACROSS THE CONTINENT...



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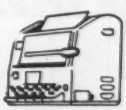

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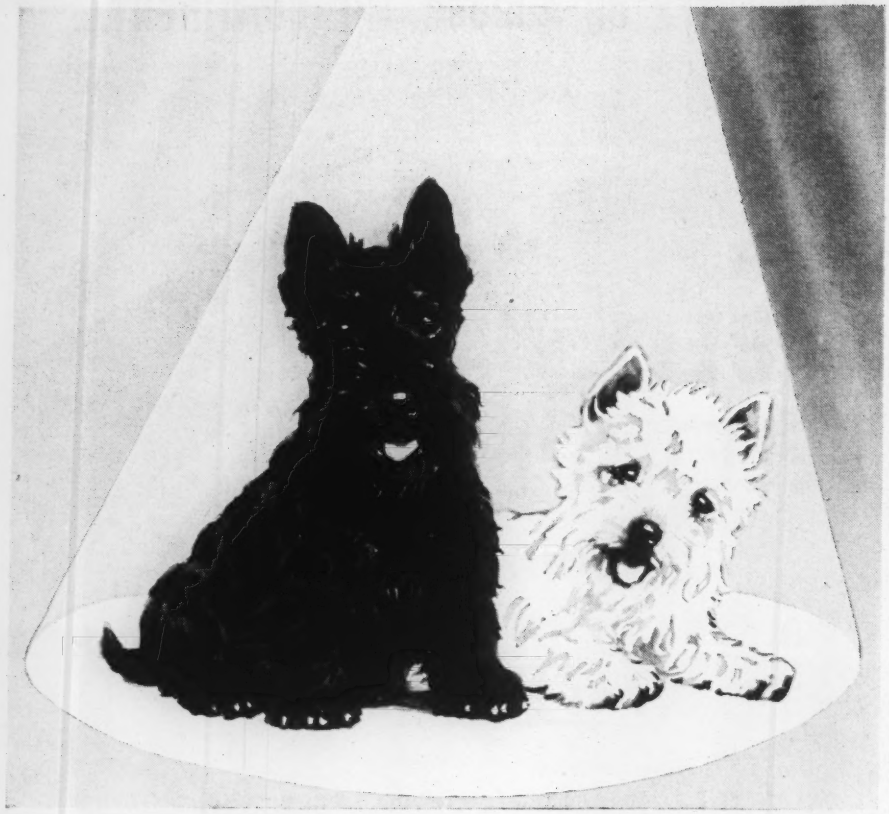

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The Pen-Pal

by Marian Roberts

NOT LONG ago I received a postcard from Jimmy Stewart. It came *par avion* and showed a picture of the Eiffel Tower; and the message, as I remember it, said: "Paris is a wonderful place and we're all excited here because Leland and Billy and I are recreating the Lindbergh landing in 'The Spirit of St. Louis'. Best regards, (signed) Jimmy Stewart."

Lest I should be accused of name-dropping I must add that Jimmy Stewart doesn't know me from a hole in the head. What impressed me, naturally, was that the star should have taken time off from his busy schedule to send a postcard to a perfect stranger in Canada. I figured that he was in search of a pen-pal and I should sit right down and send him a message to relieve his homesickness. However, I kept putting it off and putting it off, haunted all the time by the thought of Jimmy shuffling up to the aged concierge and asking shyly if there was any message from Canada.

I finally bought a card to send. It showed a view of Port Perry Regatta (Parent's Sack Race), and on it I wrote: "Glad you are having such a good time. Things are rather dull here. We came up over the weekend to paint the screens and it rained dogs and cats. Luckily we had brought something along just to get into the spirit of screen-painting and before it was over the screens were absolutely plastered, and so were we."

I didn't send that one, however. I realized that Jimmy Stewart, under his fumbling manner, is a very sensitive and perceptive person, and I didn't want him to get the wrong idea of our weekend.

After that I left Jimmy's postcard on the mantelpiece, for my friends to admire. They admired it so exhaustively that I drafted out another postcard: "Dear Jimmy: I loved your postcard and kept it right on the mantelpiece. You should have heard the things my friends said. I wish I'd kept track, they'd have reached all the way from here to the Eiffel Tower."

Before I could get that one off, the postcard disappeared. So I had to sit down and write another one before anything else happened. My current postcard says: "Dear Jimmy: Would you believe it, someone must have pinched your postcard right off my mantelpiece! I've been searching for hours, *partout, partout,* and there isn't a trace of it. I wonder if you'd mind sending me another one. And if it isn't too much trouble would you spell my name right and put the address in the same handwriting as the message? That would make it a real collector's item!"

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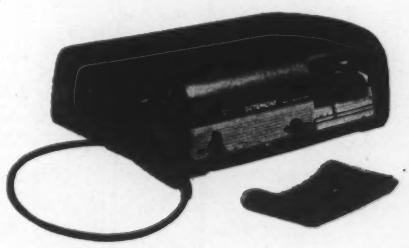

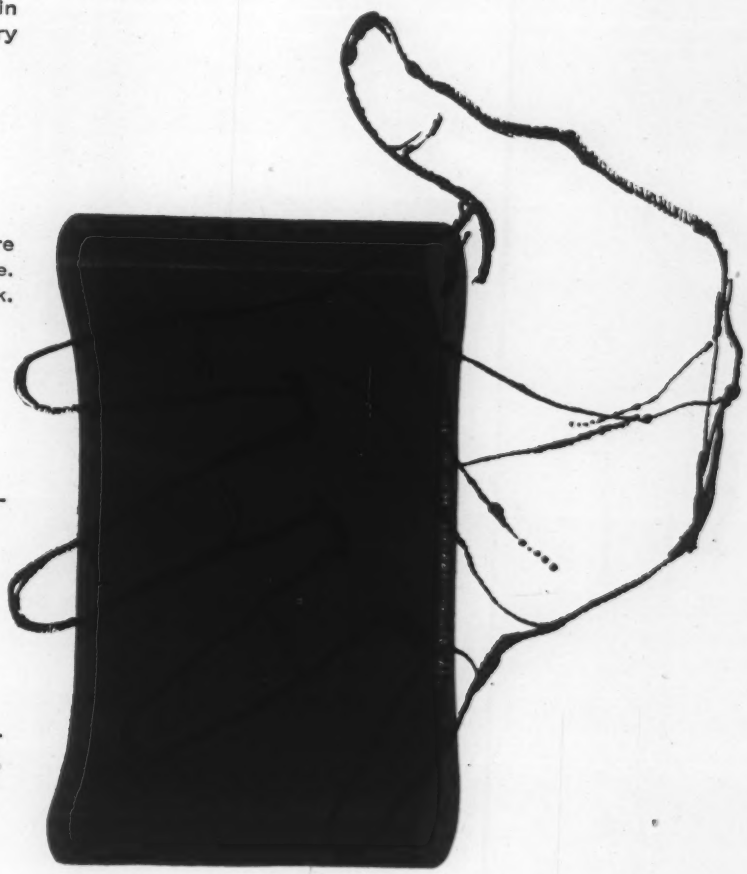

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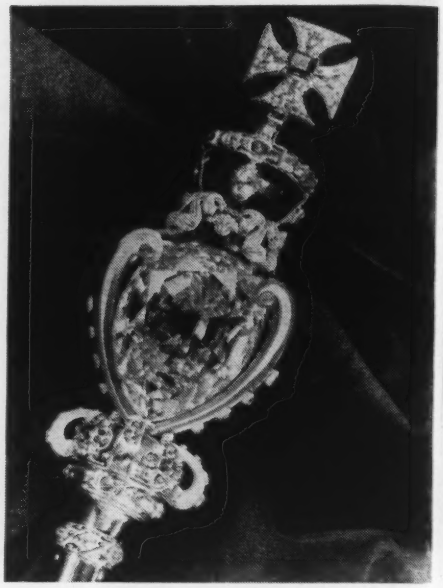

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The mine owners were in a dilemma as to how to dispose of the stone when the South African Government offered to pay £150,000 for it and to present the Cullinan to King Edward VII to form part of the Crown Jewels. This was accepted and the stone was sent to England by ordinary unregistered parcel post and was handled by a number of unwitting postmen.

The King decided to have the stone cut in Amsterdam by the world-famous firm of Asscher. It was carried to Holland in the pocket of the president of the firm and a partner, Joseph Asscher, decided on the method of cutting and after much intricate calculation began the job. The diamond split perfectly, but Mr. Asscher had felt the strain of his responsibilty so keenly that he fell ill.

The Cullinan was split into nine principal stones and cut and polished. The largest is a drop-shaped diamond weighing 516 carats. It is set in the sceptre. The next largest, a cushion-shaped stone of 309 carats, is in the state crown.

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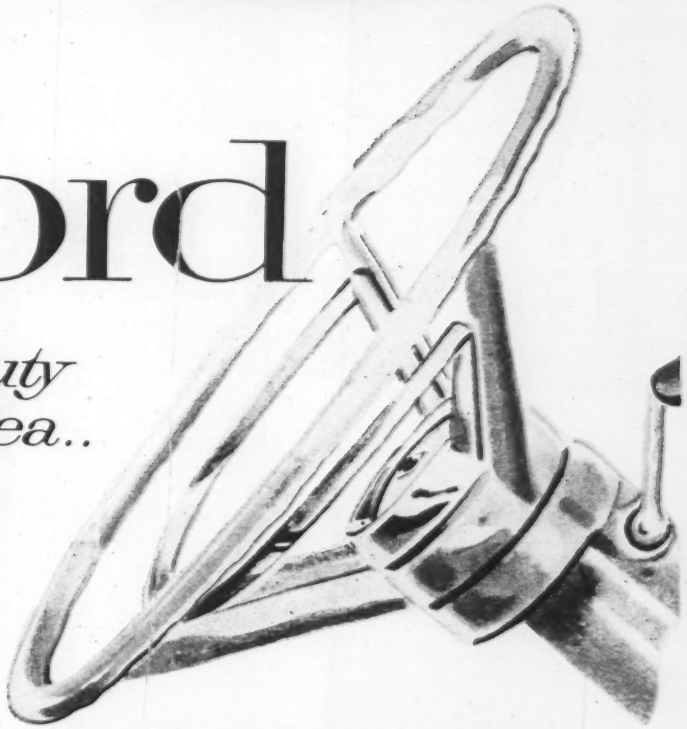

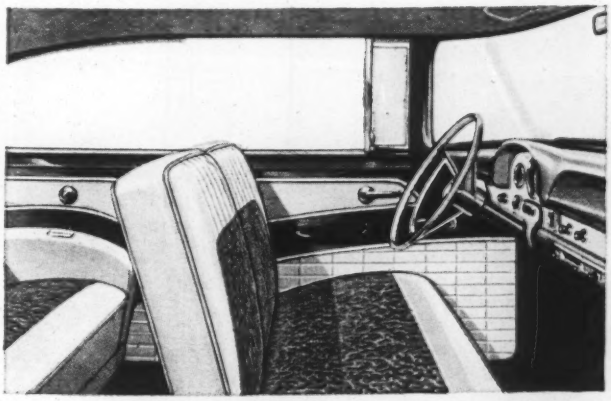

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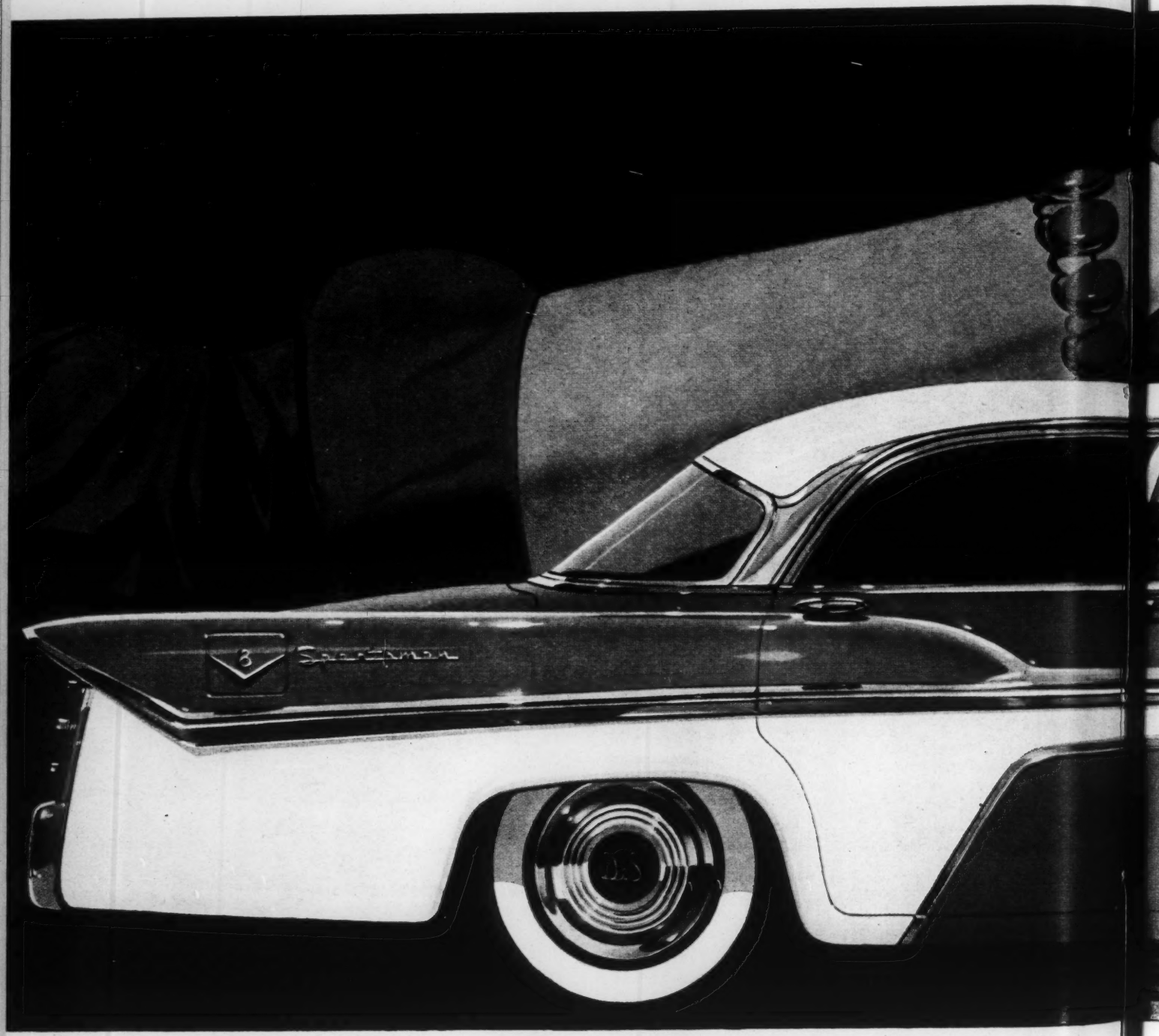

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Films

Un-American

by Mary Lowrey Ross

JUST as we were learning to relax in our relation to our Soviet neighbor and beginning to feel that eventually it might be possible to go to bed leaving the doors unlocked, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer comes along with a film as shattering as a burglar alarm. It is called *The Trial* and its business is to remind us that the neighbor is as brilliantly organized as ever to do a good inside job.

The story has to do with the trial of a sixteen-year-old Mexican boy (Rafael Campos), accused of statutory rape and murder. He is defended by an inexperienced lawyer (Glenn Ford) and the case, as it begins to unfold, bristles with legal technicalities and complications that might easily have baffled the late Clarence Darrow. To confuse matters still further the situation, with its elements of poverty and racial hatred, is seized on joyfully by the Comrades, who organize a fund-raising rally in Madison Square Gardens to free the victim. Although the defence lawyer is bright enough to recognize the nature of his supporters, he is soon as hopelessly snared as a fly on stickfast by the treacly propaganda spread by the All Peoples Party. Eventually he and his client are extricated by a legal secretary (Dorothy McGuire), an ex-fellow-traveller with enough special training to know how to keep a jump ahead of both the Committee on Un-American Activities and the Party itself.

All this makes a fairly complex scenario. But Mark Robson, who handled the film, has taken the direct approach to Communist indirection and allowed the

"The Phenix City Story"

Glenn Ford and Dorothy McGuire

dark coilings and uncoilings of party method to reveal themselves. So he shows the softheaded in the hands of the hard-witted and all working together, first to save the victim of injustice for the sake of the Party, then, still for the sake of the Party, to get him convicted and hanged. It is an ugly story and it is handled here with chilling authority. The Communist method — a blend of organized hysteria and trained effrontery — has never been more disturbingly demonstrated on the screen.

Glenn Ford plays the troubled defence lawyer, Dorothy McGuire the rescuing secretary, and Arthur Kennedy a crypto-communist legal organizer. They are all excellent.

The Phenix City Story presents one of the most extraordinary records in the annals of American crime.

As a rule, crime, like the criminal, is relatively short-lived, since violence, with its natural tendency towards acceleration, usually rushes on its own destruction. The record in Phenix City, however, is curiously different. In this case the law-breakers seem to have moved into the small Alabama town along with the carpet-baggers. There they continued to flourish for almost a century.

Apparently nobody objected effectively to the Phenix City machine, which, over the generations, seems to have taken on the immunity of an old, established family firm. This state of peaceful co-existence with crime was finally shattered with the assassination of Alabama's Attorney-General-elect, Albert L. Patterson. As a result of this outrage and the exposure of conditions leading up to it, Phenix City was placed under martial law. Night-clubs and even whole streets were closed by the militia, slot-machines were confiscated and several gangsters were arrested. Several are still in hiding, however,

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and some, it is reported, continue to threaten the lives of the citizens who testified against them. They appear to be biding their time, confident that nothing worse has happened to the machine than the incidental burning out of a bearing.

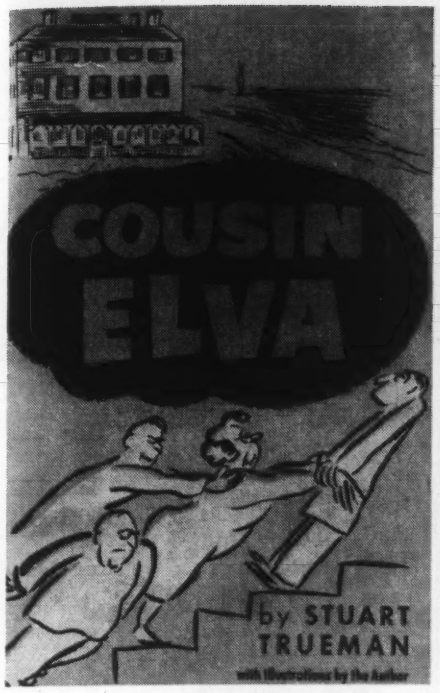
Shortly after the investigation opened, a motion picture company moved into Phenix City to record the story. The militia opened the streets, reassembled the slot machines, and made it possible for them to re-enact Phenix City's miniature civil war on the home ground. It wasn't possible, of course, to reassemble the original actors. Some were dead, some in hiding, some in jail. So the principal roles are taken by actors, all of them competent and most of them unknown. They look, for the most part, commonplace small-town types, men made vicious by opportunity or heroic under compulsion; and it is this, as much as anything else, that gives *The Phenix City Story* its terrifying edge of authenticity.

"Don't Let This Happen in Your Town", is the ostensible message of *The Phenix City Story*. On the whole, however, the film seems to be inspired less by sociological piety than by journalistic opportunism. The story was there for the taking and the producer had only to step in and film it, operating on a shoestring.

In films of this sort, candor seems to be its own justification. But when the vicious areas of national life are exposed with so much gusto and detail, candor sometimes comes very close to effrontery.

WATCHING June Allyson in her devouring role in *The Shrike*, I was struck by the resemblances between her performance here and most of her preceding portrayals as the ideal American wife. On the evidence, it looks a little as though the ideal American wife were, in fact, the shrike—the mothering type who spits her mate on a thorn in order to consume him at leisure.

In his Pulitzer Prize winning play Joseph Kramm ruthlessly plays up this idea. Nothing has been softened in the screen version, and *The Shrike* is a chilling demonstration of what can happen to a man of uncertain temperament when he is put through the awful wringer of his wife's possessive love. In this case, the husband (José Ferrer), takes refuge in an overdose of sleeping pills, which lands him in the city hospital. In desperation, and on the advice of a whole battery of psychiatrists, he escapes from the public purgatory of the psychiatric ward to the private hell of his wife's custody. There is a reconciliation of sorts, but it can hardly be regarded as a satisfactory conclusion. From Author Kramm's point of view, the shrike-wife draws lovingly close only to get a firmer grip on her victim. This disturbing idea doesn't seem to have entered the head of June Allyson, who has never seemed more candid and winning.



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Books

Let's See Your Licence

by Robertson Davies

AN INCIDENT which took place many years ago, when I was a schoolboy, colored my whole life. I was translating a passage of Vergil, and thought I was doing rather well, when the master interjected, "Now that our licensed buffoon has given us his comic interpretation, suppose you take over, Jones, and tell us what Vergil really said". I presume that he meant to wound me, but instead I was perversely delighted to be called a licensed buffoon and I have been renewing my buffoon's licence every January 1 since that time. What is more, I have a brotherly, or guild, feeling toward other licensed buffoons, and today I want to write about new books by three of them: Eric Nicol, Lex Schrag, and Stuart Trueman.

It is no accident that all three are newspapermen. Canada's humor seems to flourish in its newspaper offices. True, it is unlikely soil, for if this planet boasts a more sober, responsible, slow-pulsed press than that of Canada, I have not heard about it. But if you are on the hunt for a Canadian humorist, you stand your best chance of finding one in the cloistral hush of a Canadian news-room.

Canadian humorist, did I say? Perhaps it would be wiser to say "a humorist who is also a Canadian". There is a recognizable English humor, and a recognizable American humor, though much of the best funny writing done in both countries lies outside these immediately identifiable national bounds. Canadian humor does

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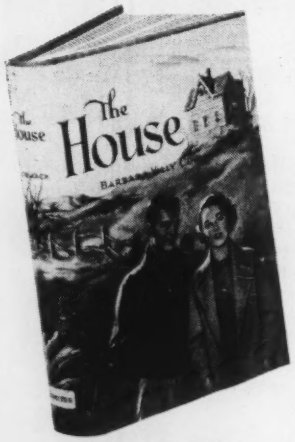

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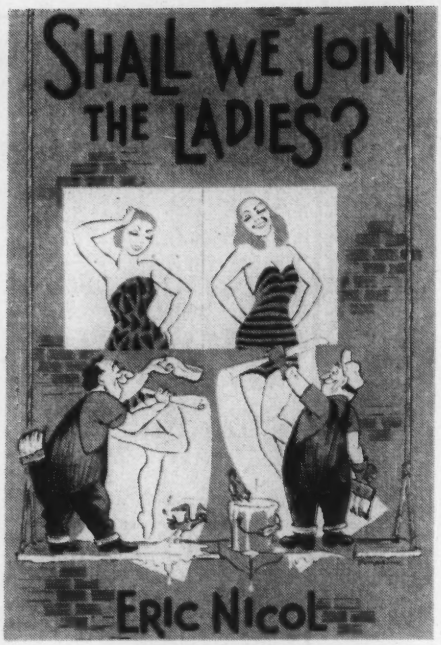

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not come down strongly on either side and we have no national stereotypes of fun. The English funnyman, on an off day, can always dash off something about cheese or Brussels sprouts, for these are fixed stars in the English firmament of humor; mention them, and a few die-hards are sure to laugh. And in the U.S.A. the rich comicality of living in Brooklyn, or amorous intrigue with a blonde, are enough to amuse those who like the familiar and homely things in humor.

But Canada has no such sure-fire stuff. Canada, on the contrary, abounds in people who have no discernible sense of humor at all, but have in its place a highly developed sense of grievance: be funny about anything you can think of—it matters not how remote or innocuous it may seem to be—and you will get a few letters from these pugnacious and embittered spirits, demanding apologies. I speak as a man whose buffoon's licence has thus been endorsed hundreds of times. But in this fashion the Canadian humorist fulfils the chief duty of a journalist which is, as H. L. Mencken said, to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable.

This core of national opposition to humor seems to strengthen our best wits. Many of our humorists, if we probe a little below the surface, are angry men, whose spirits are sore and stinging from the ineptitudes and inanities of the world about them. They choose to hurl, not the thunderbolts of Jove, but the spitballs of Momus. Behind the hilarities of Frank Tumpane, and the donnish waggeries of David Brock, this same indignant spirit is to be found. Sometimes, as with Lex Schrag, they make themselves their chief joke, and from behind this stalking-horse, so to speak, they shoot sharp arrows into all who come near them. Canadian humor-

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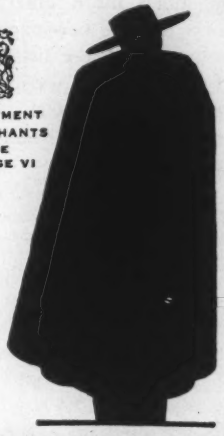

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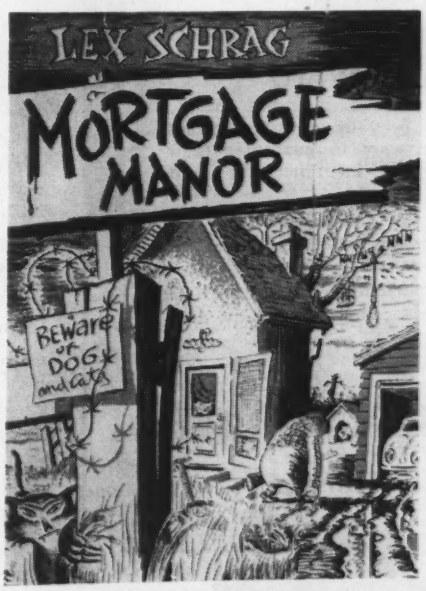
ists, like all humorists worth their salt everywhere in the world, tend to be intellectual and discontented fellows.

But it is time to get on to the three gentlemen who are renewing their buffoon's licence this autumn. Mr. Trueman is the newest to the public; Mr. Schrag goes deepest into the dark caverns of human feeling; Mr. Nicol is the one with the widest range and the deftest touch. Let us look at Mr. Trueman's book first.

It is not quite a novel, and yet it is not entirely a book of disconnected sketches. It is about the misadventures of a man named Frank Lewellen Trimble, who undertakes to run a tourist home on the shores of the Bay of Fundy. Trimble is one of those unhappy creatures marked for failure, and his initial mistake is in imagining that he can run a hotel at all. His second mistake is his acceptance, with the hotel, of a permanent guest named Miss Elva Thwaite, who is a maiden lady of determined and eccentric character. In addition the hotel has other disturbing guests, including a lecherous and deranged old party named Mr. Bogson, and a Dr. Fergus who has an exaggerated reverence for whatever is old.

The adventures of the wretched Trimble are chronicled in diary form, and at its best this book recalls that somewhat neglected classic of humor *The Diary of a Nobody* by the brothers Grossmith. But *Cousin Elva* seems to have been extended a little farther than the central idea can support it. Mr. Trueman, however, has an advantage in that he has been able to illustrate his own book, and the result is pleasing and should prove popular. Its best message is that another Canadian humorous writer of characteristic quality has made his appearance in book form, and will extend his audience.

The adventures of the Churl of Mortgage Manor are familiar to readers of the Toronto *Globe and Mail*. Personally I



Jacket Design

Biography and Memoirs

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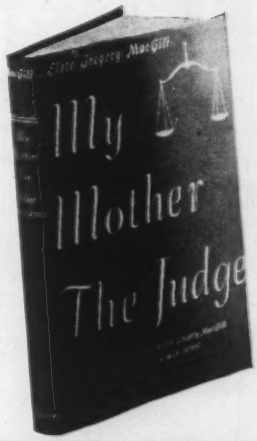
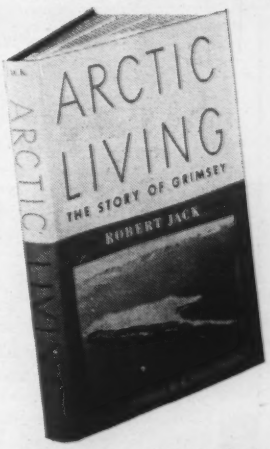
Edited by C. B. Sissons. Delightful letters written by Egerton Ryerson to his daughter, Sophia, August 22, 1859 to July 2, 1881. $5.00



MY MOTHER THE JUDGE
By Elsie Gregory MacGill. The biography of Judge Helen Gregory MacGill who was appointed B.C.'s first woman jurist in 1917. $4.50



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By Robert Jack. Introduction by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. A fascinating book on Iceland. The author was farmer, peacemaker, school teacher, doctor, dentist, minister. $4.00

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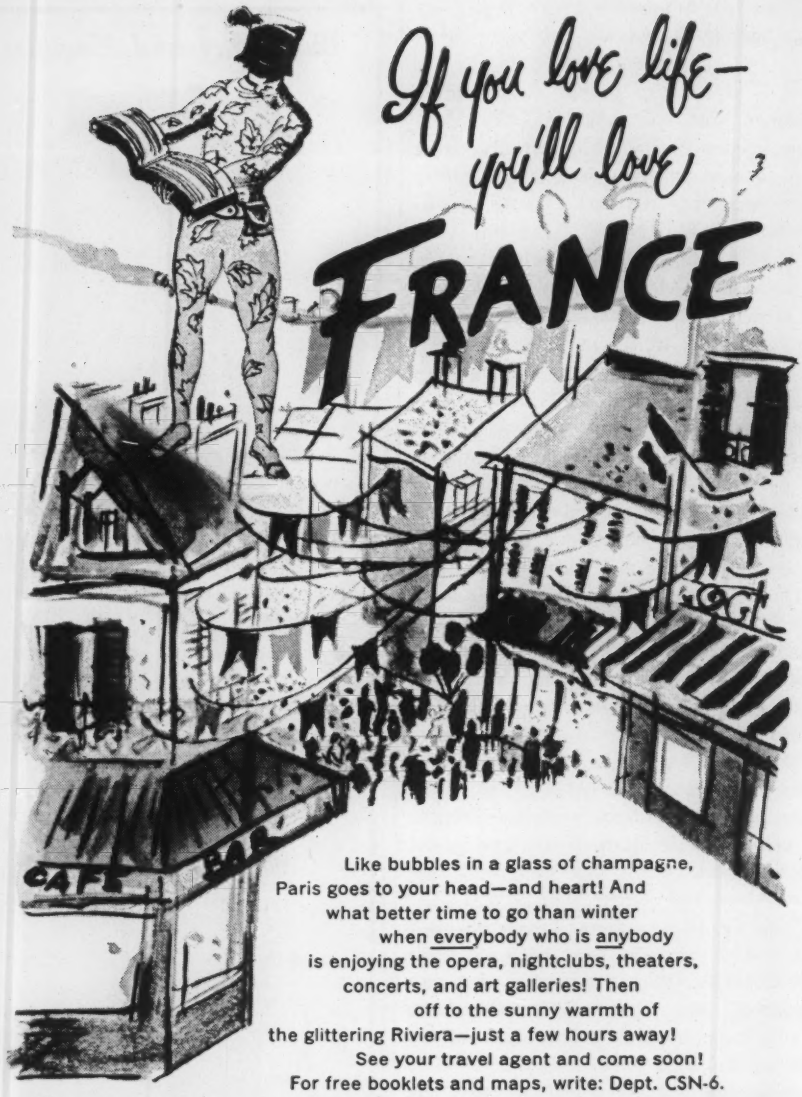

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found them much more entertaining in collected form than as newspaper articles, which is by no means the usual response to collected essays. When we meet him in a book, the Churl emerges as a more varied and engaging character than he does in short pieces. The humors of developing a place in the country become subsidiary to the revelation of the Churl's own spirit, which is far from churlish. There is a philosophic weight to his indignation which I had missed before, and an implied criticism of Ontario suburban society which amused and enlightened me.

It is fatal to be serious about humor—or so I am assured. But after reading *Mortgage Manor* I hunted up a very different book, which I had not read since it was published in 1941; it is *Masochism in Modern Man* by the psychoanalyst Theodor Reik. In it there are passages on humor, and on the technique of the humorist who makes himself the principal butt, which apply perfectly to Mr. Schrag. Here is a humorist of real stature who has not yet, I am convinced, come fully into his own. He gets his fun, not from the shallows, but from the deeps of his nature. *Mortgage Manor* is a very funny book, but I am convinced that it is a mere overture to the books that Mr. Schrag has still to write. Meanwhile, you should not miss this one.

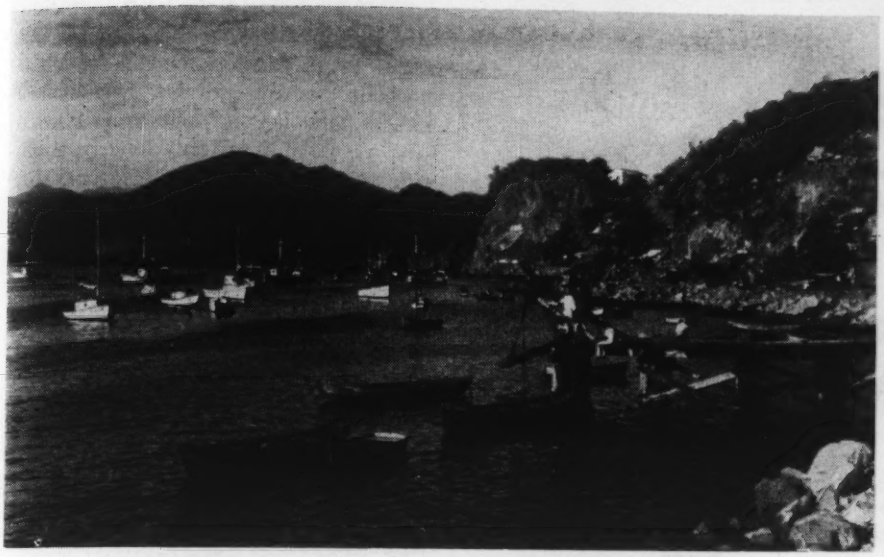
To recommend Eric Nicol is like recommending Santa Claus, or Fresh Air, or some other widely accepted public benefit. He has, I imagine, the largest and most faithful audience of any licensed buffoon in the Dominion.

In the last essay in *Shall We Join the Ladies?* he suggests that many people must think him a failure because he has not troubled to acquire even that minimum accolade of Canadian acceptance—Success in Toronto. To be a real Canadian success, he says, one must leave the country, but Success in Toronto is the first step from provincial obscurity. Perhaps so. But Mr. Nicol is a breaker of rules, and who shall deny that he has made all of Canada laugh (that part of Canada, that is to say, which can laugh) by tossing the lightest and most prettily turned jokes at us from the farther side of the Rockies? In his latest book he keeps up his very high standard of craftsmanship, inventiveness and wit. I read his book at Thanksgiving, and promptly gave thanks for him. Can one licensed buffoon, writing about another, say fairer than that?

Cousin Elva, written and illustrated by Stuart Trueman — pp. 224 — *McClelland & Stewart — $3.50.*

Mortgage Manor, by Lex Schrag — illustrated by Jim Reidford — pp. 156 — *Ryerson — $3.50.*

Shall We Join The Ladies? by Eric Nicol —illustrated by James Simpkins — pp. 156 — *Ryerson — $2.50.*



Manzanillo: For people who want to get away from people.

Travel

Mexico Without Acapulco

by Earle Birney

EVERY Canadian I knew who had been to Mexico urged me not to miss Acapulco. You'll need to get down to sea-level occasionally, they said (San Miguel de Allende, where I was spending the summer, is 6,400 feet up), and there really isn't any other comfortable place on either coast in midsummer, and it's so beautiful, and anyway you just can't visit and not go to Acapulco.

It's true that those who can afford to "do" Acapulco properly, can't afford not to. Coming back to Brockville or Calgary without Acapulco hotel labels on the baggage is as damaging to the social reputation as to slink back from Italy without pasted evidence of having loafed on Capri.

Undoubtedly there are other reasons for going to this western Biarritz. It's on the tropical Pacific and offers big sport fishing ("a guarantee of 100 lb. of sailfish is yours"), glass-bottomed boats, roulette, moonlight launch-trips on the bay ("and do not fail to see the native divers"), a bullring of sorts, a night club called the Bum Bum, gigolos — the works ("reservations should be made well in advance").

But I did not go to Acapulco, not this time. On a lot less money I'm smugly certain I've had more fun, and got closer to Mexican realities, in a week's trip to another Pacific port which nobody ever told me existed. It's a place so friendly and peaceful, so unspoiled by a lot of other people like me, that I'm a fool to talk about it. But it has now acquired a slit in the coconut palms which they call an airport, and a brand-new highway link with Mexico City, so my little finger of silence wouldn't hold up the dike against the impending flood of tourists. I might as well mumble the name. It's Manzanillo.

You can get there in a few hours now from Mexico City in a cheap milk-route plane service, but I wanted to look up at the country for a change, and drove there with an artist friend. Although Manzanillo lies on the far side of more than three hundred miles of mountains, from San Miguel, we might have made it in a stiff day's drive—such is the condition of the newer Mexican roads—if we hadn't developed gas-line trouble.

This at least allowed me to study the leisured family life of rural Mexican garages, where there are always at least ten kids lined up, holding spanners.

By sunset, driving into an always receding vista of violet mountains, we came to Zamora, a town about the size of Port Credit or Nanaimo, but distinctly unlike either. Zamora has stony old streets crowded with squatting sellers of maize and papayas and multicolored rebozos and flyblown meat and guitars and strange bright candies. It has a square with jacaranda trees where fire-flies dance and black grackles utter curious metallic plinks and trillings in the twilight. Some of Zamora's inhabitants are still living in leaky adobe lean-to's, with a ring of stones for a stove, and a blanket on the clay floor for a bed.

But Zamora is part of modern Mexico, and for its new *conquistadores*, the tourists, it provides a hotel that would do Vancouver proud. A little hotel, of course, looking like nothing from the street, but opening into a tiled and spotless inner

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court whose ceiling is the hotel roof, four stories above, and whose air is cooled and graced by a centered fountain of clear mountain water. In this unpublicized hostelry, three hundred miles from Mexico City, we found a perfectly modern room with twin beds and tiled bathroom for about ninety cents each (or half-a-week's wages for a Zamoran laborer).

The next morning we drove the Guadalajara road to Jiquilpan, a village which, though only half the size of Zamora, is big enough to have a good library with a famous set of Orozco murals on its walls. Beyond Jiquilpan we took a south fork and rolled the last two hundred miles over a spectacular new highway, through cattle and horse ranges shadowed by volcanoes and sentinelled by cactus, down into moist sugarcane valleys, and down farther into a shimmering rain-forest of royal palm and coconut, into a Mexico of palmetto huts, mango trees dripping with yellow fruit, and into a new kind of heat, not yet oppressive but utterly relaxing. Then, rounding a great curve, we saw a long dance of surf, and the blue plate of the Pacific. We were in Manzanillo.

I hate to insult Manzanillo by an attempt to describe it. If you find a guidebook that mentions the place at all, you may learn that it's a town of 3,000 people, built on the slopes of a mountainous peninsula jutting from the coast of Colima; that Cortés once built galleons here designed to sail to the Philippines; that coastal freighters now call for bananas; that there are yellow-tail sharks and swordfish and tuna for the taking; that it rains thirty inches between June and October, and the rest of the year scarcely at all.

What the books cannot tell you is what it feels like, for a refugee from Burrard Inlet, to plunge into Manzanillo's warm, roaring surf anywhere along its miles of hard clean sand, then to lie under a great feathery iguira tree and swig fresh coconut juice from a hole in the original container, and watch white herons compete with swooping pelicans and with brown fishermen for the strange gaudy fish in the blue pools. Or to wander along a freshwater lagoon, past bobbing acres of water-hyacinths, and catch a glimpse of a flamingo, a giant yellow butterfly dancing over a flamboya tree, or a flight of green parrots whirring into the jungle.

Romantic corn all this, of course, straight out of Herman Melville — with careful deletion of the midafternoon stickiness, the daylong excremental stink of the native villages, the evening landcrabs. I see that I can't tell you what Manzanillo is like either. But it's fine with me if nobody learns. I want to go back. Manzanillo is the place for people to go who want to get away from people like me. The rest are welcome to Acapulco.

Television

The Joys of a Sabbatical

by Hugh Garner

ONE of today's minor tragedies is the break-down of the family television set. To most TV set owners this is a disaster running second only to the break-down of the family car. It is a medical fact that the almost forgotten exercise, walking, gives a lift to both the health and emotions of the temporarily grounded driver. Before long it may well be proved also that the temporary loss of TV entertainment is beneficial to the mental and emotional stability of the average televiewer. One thing that the "I Love Lucy" fan or the George Gobel fanatic will discover, when his set is broken, is that there are other ways of spending an entertaining evening, apart from glueing his eyeballs to a picture screen.

I have just emerged from a wonderful two-months period in which my set was on the complete blink, and there are times now when I look back on this period of bliss with the yearning of middle-age for vanished youth.

Having learned to read before the advent of either radio or TV, reading, to me, is still the best entertainment in the world, although one form of it I have been neglecting lately. I made up my mind to read some of the classics I had ignored most of my life, and that means nearly all of them written before the twentieth century. I made a brave start on Boswell's *Life of Johnson,* Dickens's *The Pickwick Papers,* and that old literary challenge of mine, Tolstoi's *War and Peace.* It was no use; I gave each of them up after the first few pages. I salved my uncultured pride by remembering an aphorism I had read somewhere, that the classics are the books you are now unable to read, but wished you had read in your youth.

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz

Obviously, I was getting nowhere, and the weeks before my TV-fanatical family would return home from their vacation were narrowing rapidly. I began reading the books I had always wanted to read, but never got around to. I read Conrad's *Lord Jim,* Twain's *Life on the Mississippi,* E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India,* and everything of George Orwell's except *Shooting An Elephant,* which I do not possess. During the rest of the summer I re-read many of my favorites: the complete works of Thomas Wolfe, André Malraux's *Man's Fate,* the prefaces to Bernard Shaw's plays, Elliot Paul's *The Last Time I Saw Paris,* Maugham's *The Summing Up,* Koestler's *Darkness At Noon,* Morley Callaghan's *Now That April's Here,* Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* and *The Last Tycoon,* and Steinbeck's *The Wayward Bus.*

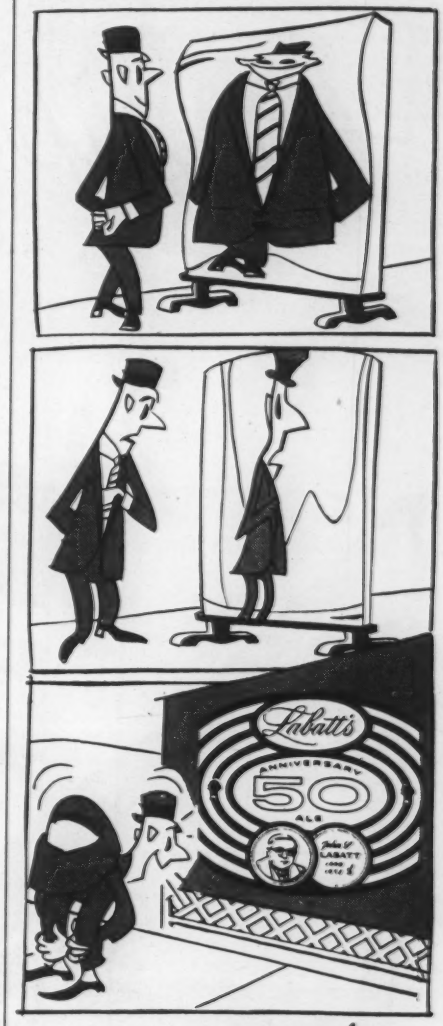
Without the TV I found I could get through my magazine reading quite well and had time left over to read the columnists in the evening paper.

Through the medium of radio I remained hep to the latest Hit Parade tunes, the number of swimmers crossing Lake Ontario at any given time, and the weather. None of the Hit Parade tunes could hold a candle to the "standards" of the thirties, none of the swimmers made it all the way across the lake, and the weather turned out to be fair and hot.

My family returned and the first thing they did was accuse me of breaking the TV set. Then they started needling me to have it fixed. Finally I gave in, convinced that even Pinky Lee was better than their constant nattering. I paid a serviceman $7.20 to replace two burned-out tubes, and immediately the living-room became filled with the sound of deodorant bottles poofing, guys peddling cars, and cowboys shooting bandits over boxes of breakfast food. The house was back to normal.

At the time of writing I am three weeks behind in my magazine reading, I haven't read a book for a month, and the children are shouting to me that the noise of my typewriter is interfering with "Sergeant Preston of The Mounties". And you'll have to excuse me now while I go and glue my eyes to the picture tube, for tonight's my night to howl. First Groucho Marx, then "Stop the Music", "Dragnet" and "Four Star Playhouse". Who needs books?

Any way you look at it...



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The Passing Show

Miss Mulcahy and Mr. Abernethy

by Mary Lowrey Ross

RECENTLY I have been making a study of the All-American Secretary as she appears in the nation's advertising columns. She is, I have discovered, a deeply involved character, governed by strong compulsions and repressions. Any resemblance to Miss Rheingold, a simple joyous personality, is purely superficial.

As a rule, the All-American Secretary wears simple one-piece outfits or tailored blouses and skirts. Recently she blossomed out in a cerulean mink stole and costume choker, but this was a special occasion—she had just put the squeeze on the boss for a new electronic typewriter. Actually she has no interest whatever in the boss, except as the source of endless pencil sharpeners, filing cabinets, high-grade carbon paper and multiplex duplicators.

Outwardly, she is clean, crisp, wholesome and competent. But this too is a superficial observation. Actually she is myopic, sensitive to cross-draughts, accident-prone and subject to sacroiliac disturbances. As far as I can discover, she has no home life, no special interests and no hobby beyond the collection of office equipment. She is inclined to sulk; but when the boss comes across with a new lighting system, a posture chair, or a typewriter with an air-cushion return, she brightens up like a five-year-old presented with a candy apple. Emotionally she is rather immature.

The boss himself is a mere sketch. Reading between the lines, however, one gathers that he is an old-fashioned type who, without his secretary to prod him, would be perfectly satisfied with the sort of office equipment that served the firm of Scrooge and Marley. He is a rather vague personality, and usually turns up a few minutes after closing time holding a fistful of unfinished correspondence. "Could you just check these over, Miss Mulcahy?" Miss Mulcahy scowls, and since the boss is easily intimidated, the adjoining picture usually shows her happily finishing up the day's work on a brand-new multiplex duplicator.

If Miss Mulcahy employs wiles to persuade the boss to set her up with the equipment her nature seems to crave, no such suggestion creeps into the advertising columns. We never, for instance, see her wreathing her arms about her employer's neck and murmuring, "Aw, come on, Mr. Abernethy, how about a set of Twindows? I'm going to catch my death with this old-fashioned system of cross-ventilation." As far as one can tell, the relationship between the two is as impersonal as though they had both been issued by IBM. It is clear, however, that she has the upper hand. Thus, one minute she is sitting morosely over her typewriter with the current from an ancient sash-window blowing down her neck. Then in the adjoining picture we see her wreathed in smiles, typing away in air-conditioned comfort. Mr. Abernethy, meanwhile, is out of sight, presumably settling with the building superintendent and writing out a cheque for structural changes.

The advertisers don't even bother with Mr. Abernethy when they want to sell a piece of office equipment. They just get in touch with Miss Mulcahy. "Explain about the electric ribbon re-wind," they suggest. "Point out the handsome type face." Miss Mulcahy hurries right off to the boss, who sits down mechanically and writes out a cheque, without a glance at the new purchase or even at Miss Mulcahy, who has a very handsome type face herself. As far as he is concerned she is just another piece of office equipment which has to be financed and can't be enjoyed.

Isn't it about time something was done to break the domination of Miss Mulcahy and brighten the office life of Mr. Abernethy? A Lazy-Boy office chair for relaxing after pressure; a deep-secret desk compartment for storing the fortifying bottle; or, better still, an inter-office communication set for summoning Miss Mulcahy, who has been up in the washroom for two hours telling the girls about her new electric typewriter. "Hey, Miss Mulcahy, how about a work-break for a change?"

Scientists say atoms are a lot of electrons swinging around a nucleus at terrific speed . . . There's nothing between them but nothing. If your electrons were squeezed down so they touched, you'd be the size of a pinhead. Some people are that small anyway. Don't say I haven't told you all about the atom.—*Toronto Telegram.*

Never mind about the atoms—just don't get personal with our electrons.

Young hat on a wise head...
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These days you'll see many a wise head adorned by the youthful, wide-awake look of the Stetson Ivy League. Note the narrow brim, the tapered crown, the subtly-striped band—and remember, like all Stetson Hats it offers *most* in quality, style, craftsmanship and all those other things that represent VALUE.

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Ivy League

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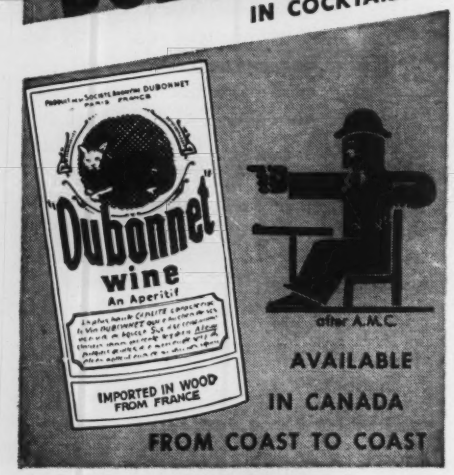

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Sports

My Friend, Mike

by Jim Coleman

THE NAME of Michael Lochinvar Levinsky has appeared frequently on the sports pages of Toronto newspapers in the past 15 years. It is improbable that many dilettante readers of the Toronto sports pages have accepted the existence of Mike—more likely they have assumed that he was the invention of some imaginative scribe who had become a disciple of Damon Runyon.

Mike Levinsky exists just as certainly as Bay St. ends in Toronto Harbor. To be sure, the obviously phoney monicker of "Lochinvar" was awarded to him gratuitously, by a sports writer who felt that the little man's official handle wasn't sufficiently colorful. Mike is flesh and blood, just as "The Good Kid" is and "Whitey The Pest" and "The Beast" and "Push-Cart" and "Fagin" and "Paul Revere" and "Squinchy", who are walking the streets today.

Michael, a crumpled and gentle man who is known well by those who inhabit the half-world of professional sports, enjoys several distinctions. First: never has he been known to speak an unkind word of any man. Secondly: never has any person in professional sports been known to say a really unkind word of Michael. Thirdly: any person who laid an unkindly hand upon Michael would be likely to wind up in a ditch with both legs broken below the knees.

Torontonians first became conscious of the presence of Mike Levinsky in the days when Deacon Jack Allen, the box-fight promoter, operated a sweat-stained gymnasium on Toronto's Bond Street. The Deacon solemnly was watching two ham-and-eggers clopping each other on the chops in the gymnasium ring one afternoon when he noticed an incredible bedraggled onlooker peering through the doorway at the pugilistic activities.

The Deacon removed the cigar from his mouth and snarled: "Scat!"

The little man in the doorway looked at the Deacon reproachfully.

The Deacon picked up a baseball bat and advanced towards the little man in the doorway.

The intruder sped down the stairway and out into the street with the Deacon in hot pursuit.

The Deacon recalls that, on that particular afternoon, there were either five or six occasions on which he chased his uninvited visitor into Bond Street. Late that night, Allen locked the street door of the gymnasium and retired to his room in the Walsingham Hotel, a hostelry known affectionately as "The Dancing Pig".

The next afternoon, the Deacon unlocked the gymnasium door, clambered up the stairs and found Michael standing in the gymnasium, confronting him with an uncertain smile on his face. Apparently, Michael had spent the night sleeping under the ring.

The Deacon, who had been around long enough to become a fatalist, accepted the inevitable and decided that he had acquired Michael as a minor liability — quite likely for the remainder of his life.

Mike Levinsky had a head-start on the rest of us in the matter of reducing the hazardous business of staying alive to its ultimate simplicities. Mike cannot read; he cannot write; he cannot add; he cannot subtract and he answers all questions with an ingenuous grin. Please don't misunderstand this—there is nothing patronizing in this estimate of my friend, Mike—he is honest, loyal and he enjoys living.

If Michael ever suffered from a delusion, it was a very harmless delusion. For some years, he imagined that he had been a prize-fighter and had slaughtered many of the well-known tigers of the ring. No longer does he speak of his imaginary victories, although he spends every afternoon and evening in the Deacon's gymnasium, watching the perspiring pugilists.

Long ago, the Deacon and Michael concocted a little game. Michael would get out of his chair, stretch himself and say: "Well, Jack, I guess I'll go and eat".

"Okay, Mike," the Deacon would reply,

Mike Levinsky

without looking up from his book or his typewriter.

Two minutes later, Michael, still standing there, would reiterate: "Jack, I guess I'll go and eat".

"Okay, Mike," Allen would answer, still refusing to look up.

Another minute would pass before Michael would say: "Jack—I'M going to eat".

At this juncture, Allen would glance at him in mock surprise, hand Michael some money and Michael would disappear in the direction of the nearest lunch.

Levinsky's housing problems have been solved with equal simplicity. Many nights, he sleeps in the gymnasium. Other nights, he wanders into a small midtown hotel, the night clerk of which is another paternal friend of Mike's named (so help me) Joe Fink. If there is a vacant room in the hotel (and usually there is), Joe gives the key to little Mike.

Don't get the idea that Mike is a drone despite the fact that he doesn't toil for a living in the accepted meaning of the term. He sweeps out the gymnasium; he goes on odd errands to the city's newspapers which are among the few landmarks he admits recognizing.

When Deacon Allen was promoting amateur fights in Massey Hall, Michael was under instructions to replace the water buckets at the end of each bout. He had only one fault: he would saunter across the stage while the bout was in progress and lean on the ropes, watching the fighters and blocking the view of the customers. Even at the bargain prices of $2.00 ringside, the patrons took a narrow-minded view of such obstructionist tactics and demanded that Allen retire Mike to the comparative obscurity of the dressing-rooms.

In almost 15 years of friendship with Michael, I have known him to hold only a couple of what might be termed "legitimate" jobs. Occasionally, he worked as a deck-hand on lake boats but his quaint ideas of seamanship apparently were more than the ordinary skipper could bear. On another occasion Michael shipped out as the "Wild Man From Borneo" with a pokey carnival company. He was a dismal flop as a "Wild Man"—he couldn't resist the desire to get into innocent conversations with the kids who came to see him in his alleged jungle habitat.

Despite the rough-and-tumble milieu which is Michael's on the darkest fringes of professional sports, he is a person who walks alone and without any cause for fear. The ring-buffs may joke about him gently among themselves, but woe betide the stranger who attempts to drag Mike over the obstacle course that confronts ordinary citizens.

There was the day, during the war years, when a constable, new to the beat, grabbed Mike and demanded that he pro-

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hi-fidelity?

Hi-Fidelity is unmistakable when you hear it. Columbia Phonographs for 1956 provide music lovers with that thrill of recognizing the ultimate in sound. With Columbia you can hear all the instrumental notes and voice cadences that have previously been lost in sound reproduction. Your Columbia phonograph dealer invites you to thrill to *true* Hi-Fidelity! Eight models to choose from. *The "360" K in stunning console model 428 — ultra high fidelity combined with graceful contemporary design. Extended range PM and Columbia Kilosphere speakers for super Hi-Fi reception. $259.95.*

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phonographs

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By Appointment to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II Scotch Whisky Distillers Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd., Leith.

Available in various bottle sizes

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A. E. Ames & Co.
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Business Established 1889

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The thing about Mike that gets into you is his undiminishing desire to do something to support himself.

Only two weeks ago, a mutual friend was astonished to see Mike shuffling off a street-car in Long Branch—a Toronto suburb which is at least 10 miles away from his customary beaten track.

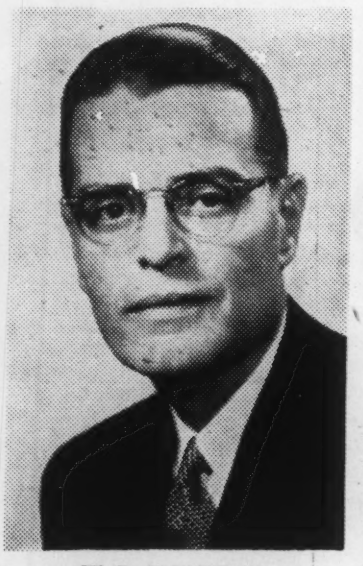
"What are you doing out here, Mike?" asked the astonished friend.

Mike regarded him mildly. "I'm looking for purses," he said and shuffled across the street to wait for a tram going back.

Really, it was quite simple. A few days earlier, Mike had found a purse lying on the floor of a street-car. If you had known Mike Levinsky you would have realized that, immediately, he would have turned over the purse to the conductor who just happened to take his name and the address of Deacon Jack Allen's gymnasium. The owner of the purse mailed a $5 bill to Mike.

Don't be surprised if you see a little man looking under the seats on your next street-car ride in Toronto. The little man will be my very good friend, Mike.

Royal Bank Appointments Announced



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Business

Canada's Major Economic Unit

by Woodman Lamb

RECENT opening of the $7 million Pronto Uranium mine plant at Blind River focused the interest of the world on Canada's major economic unit—the Province of Ontario. The Pronto mine will wrest from the richest uranium area on the continent some $55 million of concentrates that will help feed the growing atomic industries of the world. But this new development is only one chapter in the explosive postwar story of the province.

Behind it is a widespread manufacturing industry that gives Ontario its dominant position. Primary industries like mining and forestry provide the base for a better than $8 billion-a-year manufacturing empire.

The factories which turn out a bewildering variety of products nestle in a narrow belt of land in the southern part of the province, an area now known as the "Ruhr of Canada". Some 50 per cent of all goods made in Canada comes from Ontario. The province has always led in manufacturing and probably will extend its leadership when the development of the St. Lawrence Seaway provides a more direct route for its products to world markets.

There is a combination of a great store of raw materials from farms, forests and mines, strategic location as the industrial heartland of Canada, plenty of cheap electricity and widespread transportation and communications networks.

Economically, all major factors are interwoven in the province. Large timber stands feed the pulp and paper industry, mineral wealth feeds steel mills and other metal industries, farm products supply meat packers and canning companies. And a third of Canada's 15 million population provides a $7 billion-a-year market for consumer goods.

Almost guaranteeing continued growth is the financial wealth as exhibited by the province's capital city, Toronto. There head offices of banks, the Toronto Stock Exchange, major insurance companies and large investment firms supply the backing necessary to the development of natural resources and of new industry. Not only is the money used to find Ontario mines like Pronto, but it spreads across the length and breadth of Canada to nourish national development.

Ontario is a province of superlatives and of big percentages when compared with the rest of Canada. In manufacturing a third of its labor force of some 1.7 million earns an average of better than $64 a week in turning out the more than $8 billion of assorted goods in plants worth some $50 billion.

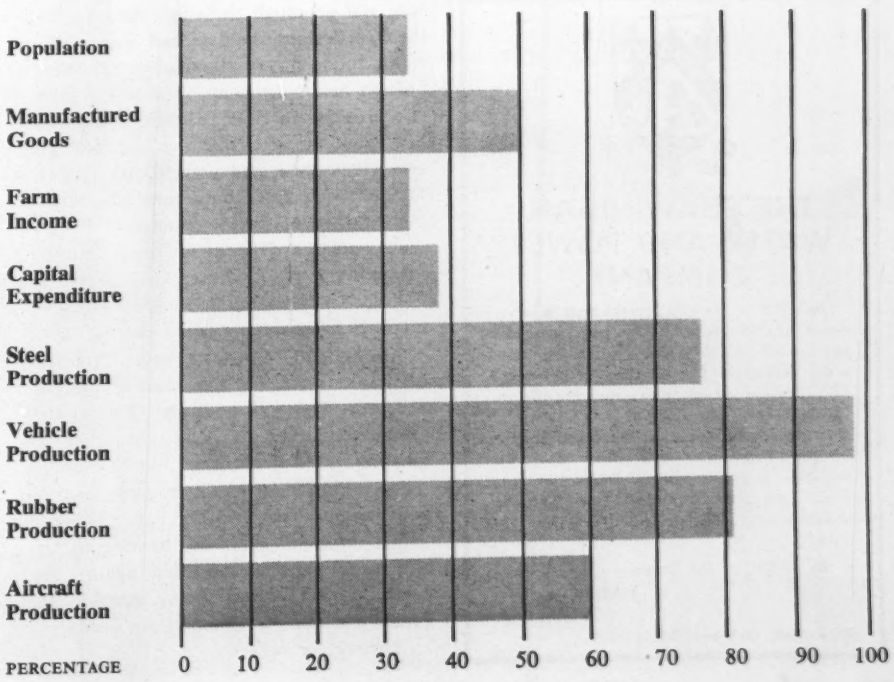
The manufacture of cars and trucks is almost completely an Ontario monopoly. Latest available statistics show that Ontario turns out 99 per cent of cars and trucks and 97 per cent of their parts in a business whose output exceeds $1.1 billion. This is the province's leading manufacturing industry.

Next in line come the giant smelters and refineries attached to the base metal mining industry where annual output nears $400 million. Ontario nickel mines with an annual production of $160 million of nickel supply about four-fifths of the world's needs. About half of Canadian copper production occurs in the province, almost all the platinum (half of the world's supply) and all the cobalt. Even the production of common salt is almost entirely confined to Ontario with this segment of the mining industry supplying four-fifths of Canada's needs. The mining industry as a whole has an annual production of $490 million—a third of Canada's total.

Giant steel mills which blaze along the vital transportation artery, the Great Lakes, make up Ontario's third most important manufacturing industry. They turn out some $360 million of primary products (77 per cent of the total Canadian production), just edging out the pulp and paper mills.

The rubber industry is an important part of Ontario, accounting for more than 80 per cent of Canadian output with some $240 million worth of goods. Aircraft manufacturers like A. V. Roe and de Havilland supply some 60 per cent of the products of Canada's aircraft industry.

Ontario as Related to All Canada



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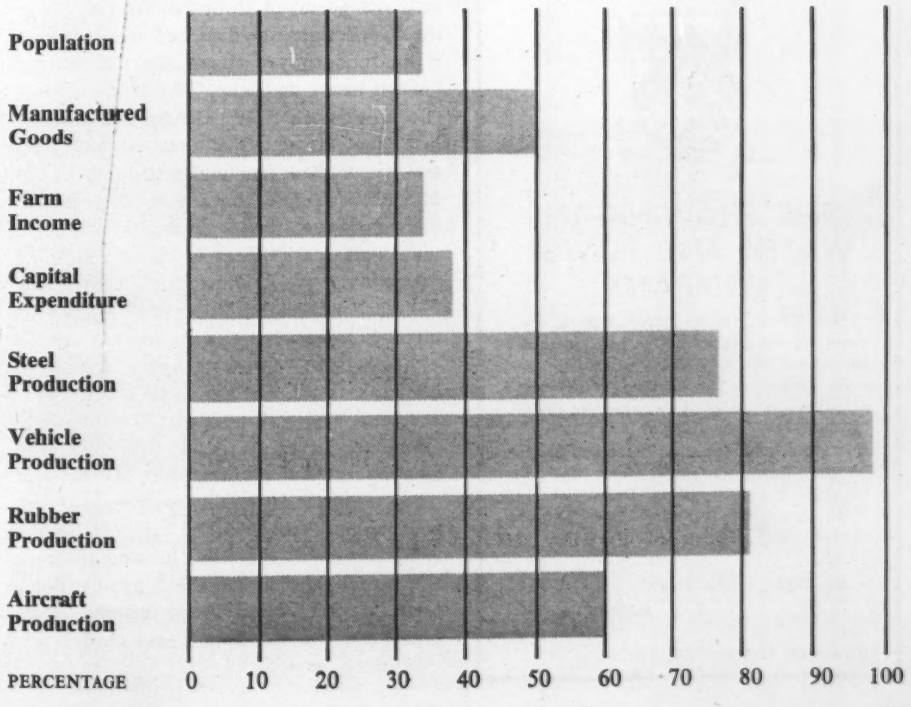


Serve

PEEK FREAN'S TWIGLETS

WHEN

ENTERTAINING

Put swank in your party. Twiglets lend a London flavour when you serve refreshments. And these long, thin "twigs" which have a zestful taste are appetizing as well as novel.

Mr. Peek & Mr. Frean

MADE BY

PEEK FREAN'S

MAKERS OF

Famous ENGLISH Biscuits

614

THE SHAWINIGAN WATER AND POWER COMPANY

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of fifty cents (50c) per share on the Series "A" 4% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares and a dividend of fifty-six and one quarter cents (56¼c) on the Series "B" 4½% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending December 31, 1955 payable January 2, 1956 to shareholders of record December 2, 1955.

By Order of the Board.

R. R. MERIFIELD,
Secretary.

Montreal, October 24, 1955

The influx of foreign manufacturers illustrates how Ontario grows. Last year more than 90 companies entered the province for the first time to make their goods. At the same time some 325 Ontario firms expanded their plants. It is estimated that this year some $2.2 billion will be spent by Ontario firms on construction of new plant and to buy new equipment—38 per cent of the capital spending calculated to occur in Canada.

Agriculture tends to be ignored by outsiders, yet Ontario farmers collect a third of the money received by all Canadian farmers. The annual value of farm production is about $700 million. In the rich southern Ontario Niagara fruit belt and along the border of Lake Ontario, farm and city continually fight for land. The result is that despite a 25 per cent drop in the farm labor force, in the postwar years the value of production has increased almost 50 per cent.

An essential reason for the improvement both on the farm and in the city has been electricity. Power is the push behind modern production methods. In the past 10 years, the output of electricity has doubled. The provincially-owned system has spent well over a billion dollars in expanding to meet demand and will spend some $600 million to develop power in conjunction with the St. Lawrence Seaway project. Yet even these plans appear to be insufficient for the future. Authorities already are working towards atomic-powered electrical plants.

Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

IT HADN'T taken Marion long to make her selection: after all, it's the idea that matters, not so much the card. And any way the five designs she'd picked were so very right, modern yet essentially Christmasy. "Much better this way," she was thinking, "no crowds, no rush." Others left it to the last moment, and then the best had gone and many they sent arrived too late. But Marion isn't like that. Now she stacked her assortment on the counter: "I'll have these, please." The girl started thumbing through the pile. "Dime, forty cents," she muttered, checking the price tags, "a quarter, fifteen cents, sixty cents." "That's right," agreed Marion, crisply; "four each of two of them and five each of the other designs." The girl nodded: "Twenty-three altogether." She'd found envelopes and was making out a check. But Marion laid some dollar bills on the counter and slipped her purchase into her bag. "That's the exact amount," she said, turning to leave the store. The girl nodded again: that's how Marion leaves most people. How much did she spend on those cards?

Answer on page 66.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

Notice is hereby given that a Bonus of Forty Cents (40¢) per share has been declared for the year ending 31st October, 1955, payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Thursday, the 1st day of December next to shareholders of record of 31st October, 1955, shares subscribed for but not fully paid for at the close of business on the 31st day of October, 1955, to rank for the purpose of the said Bonus to the extent of the payments then made on the said shares.

By order of the Board.

JOHN S. PROCTOR
General Manager.

Toronto, 19th October, 1955.

IMPERIAL
BANK OF CANADA

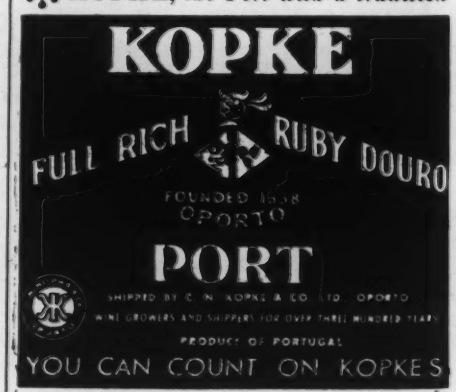
THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Dividend No. 273 and Bonus

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of FORTY-FIVE CENTS per share for the current quarter and a bonus of TWENTY CENTS per share for the year ending November 30, 1955 upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank have been declared payable at the bank and its branches on and after THURSDAY, THE 1ST DAY OF DECEMBER, 1955, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31ST DAY OF OCTOBER, 1955.

By Order of the Board,
T. H. ATKINSON,
General Manager,
Montreal, Que., October 25, 1955.

KOPKE, *the Port with a tradition*



Pronounce it "*cop-key*"

Canadian Schenley O.F.C.

AGED 8 YEARS CANADIAN WHISKY

The only certified 8-year old Canadian Whisky on the market

Certificate of Age

THIS FINE CANADIAN WHISKY HAS BEEN IN SMALL CHARRED WHITE OAK CASKS SINCE **DEC 1946**

THIS WHISKY WAS KEPT IN THESE OAK CASKS IN CLIMATE-CONTROLLED AGEING ROOMS UNTIL BOTTLING IN **JAN 1955**

BOTTLE Nº 00001

PRESIDENT MASTER DISTILLER

THE MEANING OF AGE

AGE IS THE GREATEST SINGLE FACTOR IN DETERMINING THE QUALITY OF A WHISKY. WHISKY CAN ONLY AGE PROPERLY IN OAK CASKS UNDER CORRECT MATURING CONDITIONS. WHISKY DOES NOT AGE IN BOTTLES. THE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD SEAL ON THE SHOULDER OF THIS BOTTLE IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF RECEIVING A GENUINE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD WHISKY.

A signed certificate like this appears on every bottle of Canadian Schenley O.F.C. It gives you the whisky's pedigree . . . the story of its ancestry, its arrival at maturity, its blending and bottling date.

Canadian Schenley O.F.C. is destined for world acclaim. You'll know why—the moment you first sample its superb flavor.

The proudest achievement of

CANADIAN Schenley LTD.

Ontario's
largest
selling
ale
SAY O.K.
FOR O'KEEFE'S
O'Keefe's
EXTRA OLD STOCK
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Who's Who in Business

Rugged Individualist

AMONG the large number of Canadians who favor the "free enterprise" system is M. J. Boylen, President of numerous mining companies which are collectively and appropriately known as the "Boylen interests". Unlike most Canadian businessmen, however, free enterprise is really free enterprise for Mr. Boylen—not the more or less comfortable system of public regulations in which the diligent are supposed to inch up the business ladder. And unlike the majority of so-called "self-made" men today, he is a multimillionaire—reputedly worth $20 million—who really did start out with nothing at an early age, in the North American tradition.

M. J. Boylen

Mathew James Boylen was born forty-eight years ago at Weston, Ont., and finished off his formal education somewhere north-west of Edmonton, Alta., where his poverty-stricken family had gone to homestead. At twelve he was already living from hand-to-mouth in the bush. At fourteen he left his family for good and moved back east with his brother. They lived by trapping, mucking in the mines and trading with the Indians. They spent a couple of winters under canvas. In the Burnt Lake area of Ontario, he was hungry enough "to chase a rabbit for ten miles".

For several years he successfully operated a trading business with headquarters at Larder Lake and a mail service to Rouyn. But he had his first experience of the limitations on free enterprise in the modern world when the authorities enforced an age regulation and put "Boylen Brothers" out of business.

Meanwhile, he had taken up prospecting and from 1927 he gave his whole time to the search for gold and base metals in northern Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba. During the lean years he made "enough to get by". He brought pack ponies from the West and laboriously built up his credit as a resourceful young prospector with the northern storekeepers and speculators.

In 1936, he married Dorothy Pearson. She was a pretty girl with a good head and some legal knowledge, who encouraged him to go for bigger things: "my inspiration". The same year he opened an office in Toronto. Since then his career has been part of the story of the Canadian mining boom. To date, it has been climaxed by the discovery of the Austen Brook copper-zinc lead ore body in the Bathurst area of New Brunswick. This and subsequent discoveries in the area, have brought new hope to the Maritimes, backed the credit of the provincial government and justified Mr. Boylen's own perseverance in pursuit of the long chance.

He is President and very much the Managing Director of the Brunswick Mining and Smelting Corporation, Anaconda Lead Mines, Chibougamau Explorers and several other companies.

He lives a comfortable and devoted family life with his wife and three children in Toronto, breeding and racing horses and participating in conventional good causes. In his business activities he continues to strike a note of rugged individualism. He is opposed to large-scale government concessions to exploration companies, though he himself has latterly benefited from such concessions. He believes that the old-style lone prospector still has the best chance of finding something of value in the first instance. Naturally he does not care for unions—"though I am all for the workingman". He finds the representatives of different governments personally co-operative, but he is not happy about recent fiscal trends. "If they start a capital gains tax, I'll sell out everything," he exclaims explosively, "and clear right out!"

He is a much-travelled man, who is especially fond of visiting England. But it seems unlikely, nevertheless, that he would be content to settle anywhere else, tax or no tax. Like the Krieghoffs which he has collected for many years, he belongs to the Canadian landscape—one of that tribe which still survives here, in a world of mass production and mass education, through luck, determination and possessive faith in the potentialities of the rugged land it knows so intimately.

"...but you can always depend on THE EMPLOYERS"

THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY ASSURANCE CORPORATION LIMITED

THE EMPLOYERS' ASSURANCE

FIRE, CASUALTY & AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE

QUEBEC • MONTREAL • OTTAWA • TORONTO
HAMILTON • LONDON • WINDSOR • SUDBURY
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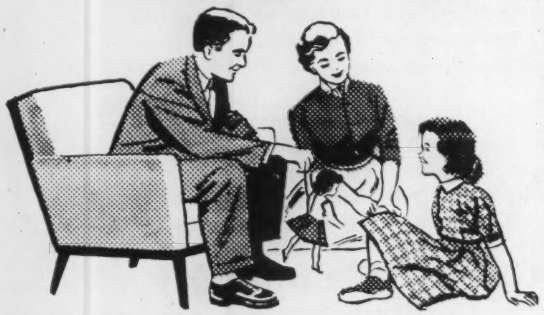
New York Life announces

LM-3



Another "budget-wise" Life Insurance Policy that offers you permanent family protection at a reduced premium for the first three years

Think of it! Instead of waiting until your income increases, *you can own substantial life insurance protection TODAY . . . when your family needs it most.*

With LM-3 (Life Modified Three), you buy $5000 or more of *permanent* life insurance NOW . . . at a low rate.

At the end of the third year, the premium increases slightly. However, based on the present scale, your dividends can be used to reduce premium payments *to less than the original rate.*

What's more, LM-3 builds generous cash and loan values . . . available to you for any emergency.

Look at these benefits of LM-3

By taking out LM-3 now, you enjoy the added advantage of the lower basic premium rates in effect for younger men.

If you're in good health, and between ages 10 and 40, you may not even have to take a physical examination.

How LM-3 Works

$5000 Face Amount . . . 20-Year Illustration

Age at issue	Annual Prem. First 3 years	Annual Prem. After 3rd year	Average Payment During 20 years*
25	82.70	97.30	74.46
35	111.10	130.70	101.18
45	161.25	189.70	146.65

*If annual dividend is applied toward payment of premium...based on the Company's 1954 Dividend Illustration Scale and Interest Rate. This is not a guarantee, estimate or promise of dividends or results.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

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☐ Please send me without obligation full information on your new LM-3 Policy, minimum amount $5000

☐ Please send me my free copy of your 1955 "Canadian Tax Information Booklet."

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PLEASE PRINT

per deposit, which is not without interest, as evidenced by the valuation that the market has placed on the company's chances.

Tests on metallurgical treatment have been completed and it has been shown that separation of nickel and copper can be made with both products being recovered in the form of a concentrate. This will be of a quality especially suitable for shipment to and subsequent treatment by the proposed smelter of Eastern Smelting & Refining at Chicoutimi, Que. This is sponsored by the same interests as Quebec Nickel.

Plans contemplate sinking a shaft to a depth of 1,000 feet at a location opposite the centre of the "B" ore zone. The program is claimed by officials to be amply financed.

The economics of the project have yet to be subjected to the acid test of proven ore values and operating costs.

Discovery Yellowknife

What is your opinion as to the prospects of capital gain for Discovery Yellowknife, now Consolidated Discovery, over the next year or two?—M. D., Toronto.

Cons. Discovery is a small, high-grade mine. Its attainment of the production stage in a period of difficult conditions for gold mining reflects great credit on its sponsors. The deserved confidence which they enjoy may partly be responsible for what appears to have been a high price for the company's stock. Although only in production since 1950, the company is already working to depths which suggest a using up of ore reserves at a rather rapid rate.

A judgment as to the company's future is complicated by employment of some of its earnings in the purchase of stock in Rayrock Mines, a uranium project in the Marian River area.

In Brief

What happened to Columinda? Is it still going?—C.B., Brockville, Ont.

Yes, but not strongly. It needs higher lead-zinc prices to warrant development.

I have been holding Zolota for several years. Is there any hope?—H.J., Newmarket, Ont.

It's remote.

Has Osisko Lake any chance of ever making good?—W. F., Peterborough, Ont.

Yes; both as a locational bet and from the possible acquisition of another property. The company has a strong treasury.

Could you please tell me if the following Calgary oil stocks have any value—Regent Oil, Federal Oils, Signal Hill Oil, Illinois-Alberta Oils?—R. M., Vancouver.

Not a plugged nickel.

The luxury of gracious living is reflected on the Monarch

Dinner is a meal you'll linger over on the MONARCH. It's a lavish, 7-course affair with choice wines—the whole served you from a silver trolley. And dinner is just the beginning! Everything about MONARCH service is in the same gracious vein. The quiet, handsomely appointed upper cabin . . . the gay lower-deck lounge . . . refreshments and courteous British service always at your elbow. Even sleeper berths, if you like. For flying adventure, choose MONARCH. First class, of course, but nothing extra for its fabulous "extras."

Staff of 3 stewards and a stewardess · Lower-deck cosmopolitan lounge Full-size sleeper berths (extra) · "Super-Service" Stratocruiser · Bond Street Overnight Bag, compliments B.O.A.C.

FIRST CLASS "SUPER-SERVICE" STRATOCRUISER, MONTREAL TO LONDON, DIRECT

Bookings through your travel agent, railway ticket office or

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

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FLY B·O·A·C

A MAN'S ale

"A job like mine takes it out of you"

with BODY in it

"But Labatt's IPA puts it right back in,"
says Leo Maltais, Toronto, Ont.

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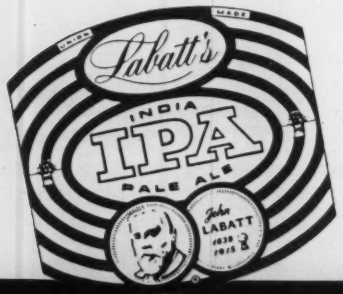


The swing is definitely to
LABATT'S

Chess Problem

by 'Centaur'

F. MENDES de Moraes, Jr., is a veteran Brazilian composer of whom we know little, and he is missed in H. Weenink's directory in *The Chess Problem*. He has devoted his efforts mainly to two-movers, and they started to appear nearly a half-century back. We note one awarded first prize in the Football and Field tourney in 1913. Several of his problems were honored in the Good Companions tourneys.

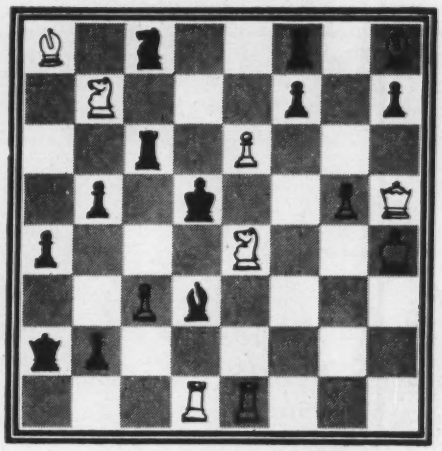
De Moraes is still active, and we quote a contribution to the latest issue of the American Chess Bulletin.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 127.

Key-move 1.R-R5; waiting. If Q-QR8; 2.B-R6 mate. If QxP; 2.BxQ mate. If QxR or Kt; 2.P-Q4 mate. If Kt-Q3; 2.Q-Kt2 mate. If Kt-R2; 2.QxP mate. If P-K3; 2.P-B6 mate. If P-Kt4; 2.Q-B5 mate.

Q-QR8 is the only defence not provided for in the initial position.

PROBLEM NO. 128,
by M. de Moraes, Jr.
Black—Eleven Pieces.



White—Eleven Pieces.
White mates in two.

Put That Down!

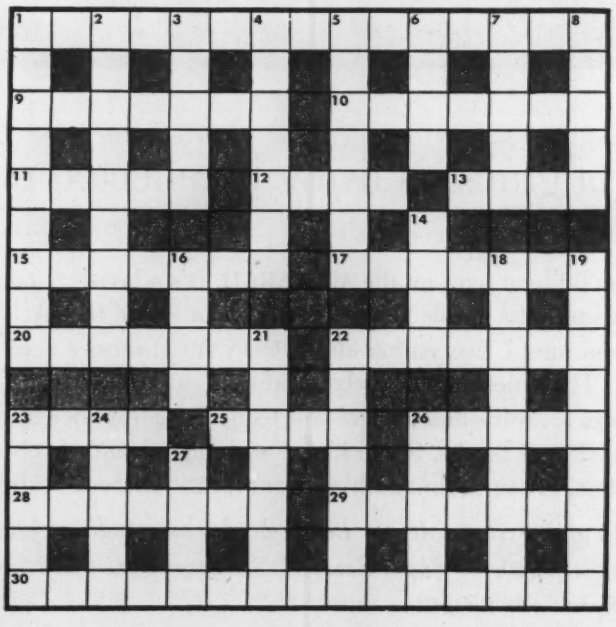
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

Across

1. See 30
9. What came down is up again. (7)
10. Indeed, sir? (7)
11. See 28
12. Though melancholy may show vivacity. (4)
13. See 28
15. With which the god views his worshippers, by the sound of it? (7)
17. Does this make your ex-pensive? (7)
20. Shakespeare's howler! (7)
22. Some sound like lighthouse keepers. (7)
23. 101 can present a singular appearance. (4)
25. It lets you in in turn. (4)
26. See 28
28. 26, 13, 11. Short and snappy. That's the spirit! (7,2,3,4,2,3)
29. Alec turned the color of 10. ((7)
30. 1. When Tom they no see
Mickey's friends make whoopee.
(4,3,4,4,3,4,4,4)

Down

1. Bolshevik who helped 18 the Tsars? (9)
2. A moor, returning from a bender, makes leeway. (9)
3. Dostoevsky's took delight in Sherwood. (5)
4. Hippocrates said that these diseases should have similar remedies. (7)
5. A goddess gets in a state. (7)
6. By her transformation Lot's wife was to Lot. (4)
7. Was Handel's written in the Florida Key? (5)
8. When upset D'Oyly Carte got rid of Tracy because he would! (5)
14. If pallid, one may resort to concealment here. (4)
16. Shake the dice! (4)
18. See 1D. (9)
19. "And all our .....s have lighted fools The way to dusty death". (Macbeth). (9)
21. Was this kind of photo canned? (7)
22. Du Maurier's titled lady was dead certain of fame. (7)
23. This lynching incident was not a slip-knot round the bovine's neck. (2-3)
24. Erect in the water off Greece. (5)
26. They're news in the "Times". (5)
27. When mailed, could come as quite a blow to one. (4)



SOLUTION TO LAST PUZZLE

Across

1, 5. Flat as a pancake
9. Excuses
10. Eunuchs
11. Sower
12. Net
13. Elsie
14. Ways and means
18. Built to scale
23. Opals
24. Cub
26. Quilp
27. Testudo
28. Roomier
29, 30. Round as a barrel

Down

1. Fretsaws
2. Archways
3. Austria
4. Arson
5. Prettiest
6. Nankeen
7. Accost
8. Easter
15. Delicious
16. Familiar
17. Temporal
19. Unsound
20. Sequoia
21. Poster
22. Nassau
25. Beria

(377)

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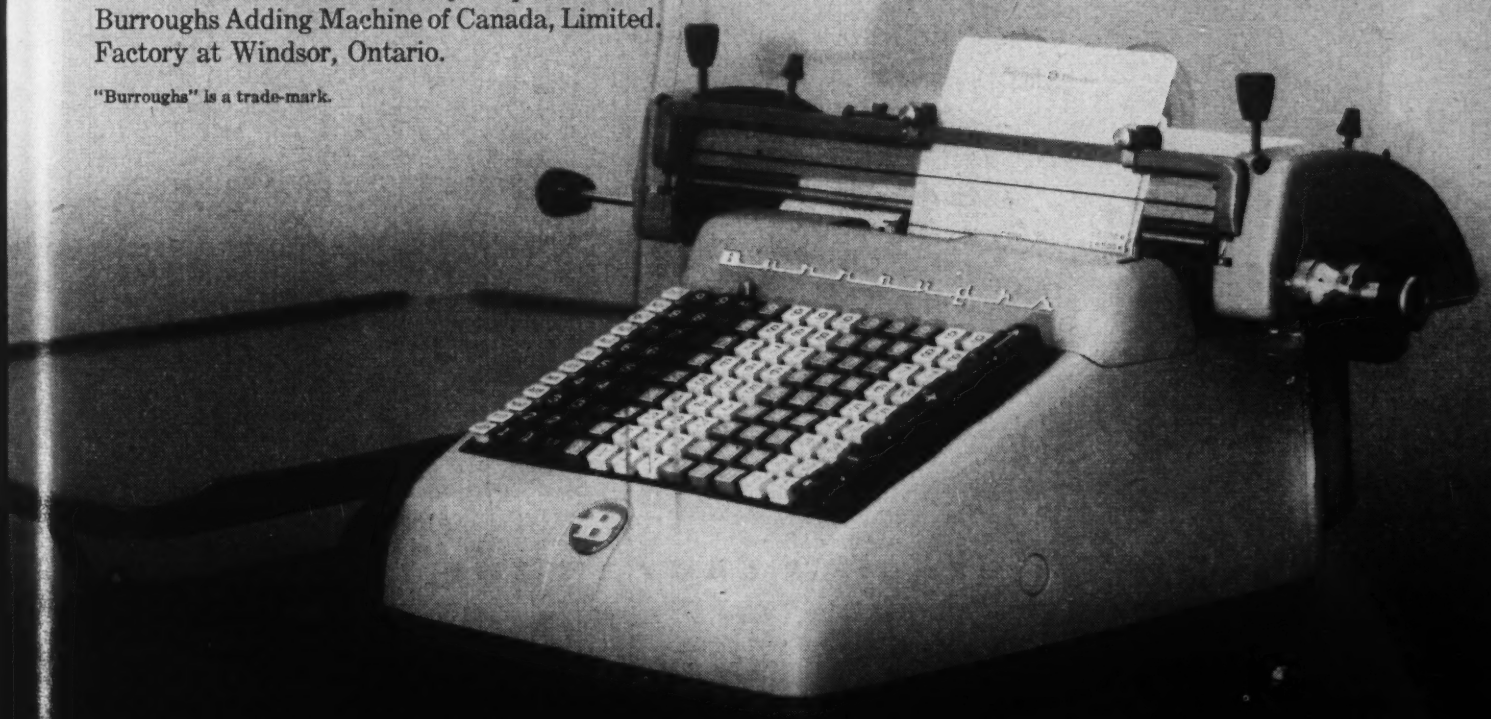
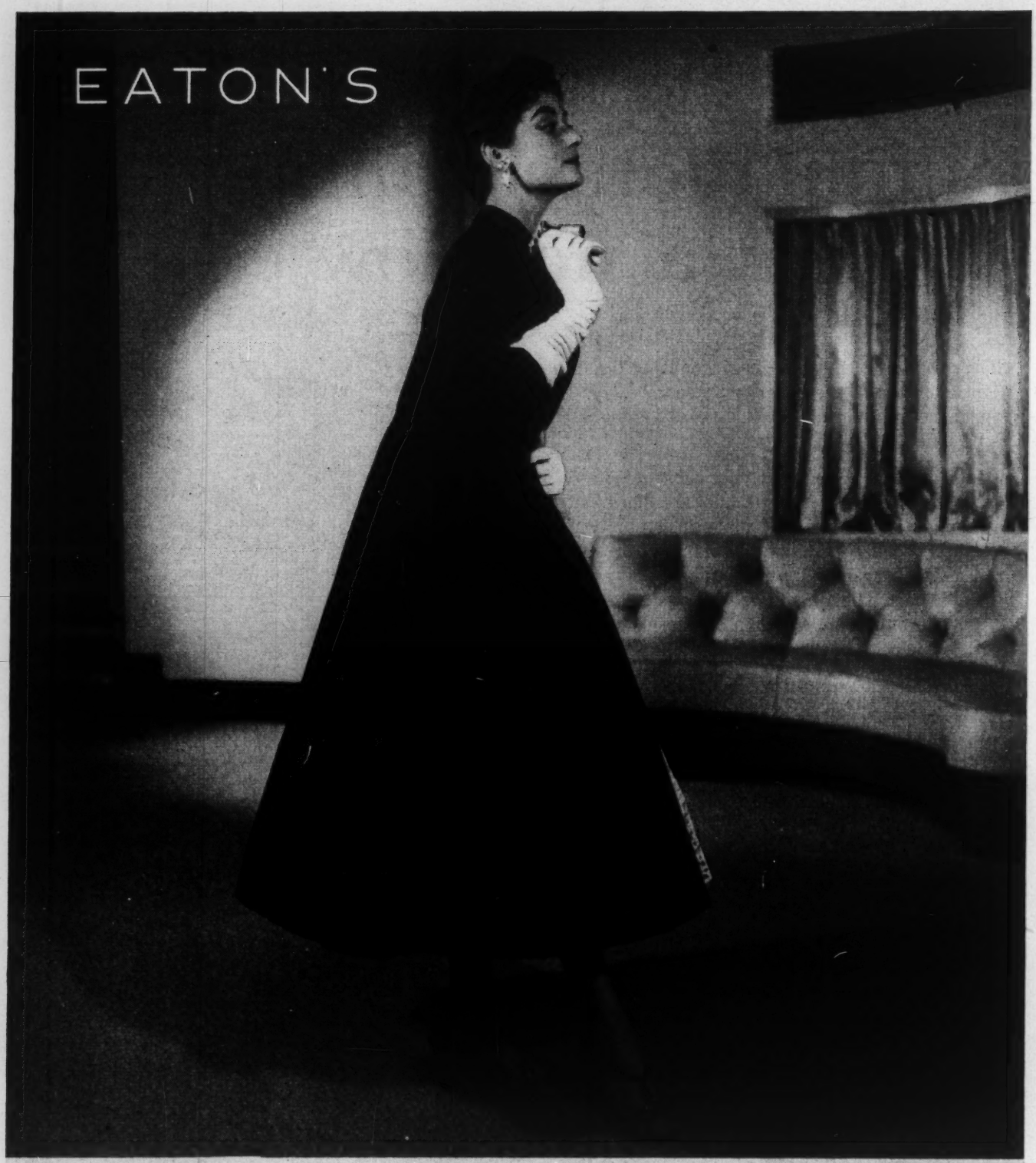


Burroughs

Burroughs Director

ACCOUNTING MACHINE



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just one example, gleaming and decorative, of the
new drama in the Coat Collections for the theatre, at Eaton's.

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Women

Ancestral Treasure

by Shirley Gillespie

A LIVING ROOM that is a fascinating paradox of cases of first edition books and "whodunits", valuable antique furniture and a television set is the cosy setting in which Mrs. M. B. K. Gordon, wife of Ottawa lawyer, Brigadier M. B. K. Gordon, DSO, ED, CD, QC, entertains her guests.

Her apartment home is a treasure trove for the wife of the United States Ambassador to Canada, Mrs. R. Douglas Stuart, who, with antique-conscious American visitors to the Embassy, likes to drop in and browse around. Colonel George Cavey, manager of the Ottawa branch of Henry Birks and Sons Ltd., is, according to Mrs. Gordon "extremely interested in our silver".

The daughter of a London, England, barrister, Sheila Frances Lilian Mary Gordon, known to her friends as "Pat", names among her ancestors on her mother's side Admiral Sir Griffith Colpys, who was instrumental in putting down the mutiny in the English navy at Spithead in 1797. An ancestor on her father's side was General George Arthur Ramsay, a governor in the West Indies whose fight against slavery there inspired the natives to erect a memorial in his honor.

Portraits of both men hang in the Gordon's apartment and General Ramsay's stout travelling chest is in their dining-room. A combination desk, backgammon and checkerboard table, which once belonged to the General, sits in the corner of their living-room—a convenient catch-all for maps and invitations.

Mrs. Gordon's family tree dates back to 1140 to the Ramsays who were granted the lands of Dalhousie and titles. In 1633, William, Lord Ramsay, was created Earl of Dalhousie and the tenth earl in the line became Governor General of India. A later descendant became the Governor General of Canada, after whom Dalhousie University was named.

Mrs. Gordon is justly proud of the antiques she has inherited from her family and through books in her possession and visits to local libraries, has managed to trace the origin of many of the treasures.

Mrs. M. B. K. Gordon of Ottawa poses in her living-room beneath a portrait of three of her ancestors painted by Thomas Gainsborough in the eighteenth century.

Mrs. Gordon pours tea from a silver service dating back to the reign of George III. (Below) At the Garrison Ball are (left) Brigadier M. B. K. Gordon, Mrs. J. M. Rockingham, Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. C. W. MacLean; Maj.-Gen. Rockingham.

She has half of a 600-piece dinner service of Lowestoft china which bears the Ramsay coat of arms. Her brother, who lives in England, shares the other portion. Many pieces of the heavy Ramsay silver, also bearing the family coat of arms, lie in the sturdy buffet in the Gordons' dining-room.

Their living-room mantelpiece is a china enthusiast's dream. Among the museum pieces there is a seated pierrot with pipe and drum—a work of minute craftsmanship made in the Chelsea factory around 1775. Another is a late 1780 Crown Derby pastille burner designed with exquisite coloring. A pair of German "Meissen" china candelabra, of which Mrs. Gordon is particularly proud, dates back to the period between 1712 and 1750.

Among the first edition books the Gordons own is *The Life of Nelson,* published in 1814, which is inscribed with two signatures—one which he wrote before he lost his arm in the Battle of Trafalgar, and a second written with the other hand after the loss of his arm.

Mrs. Gordon was born in Scotland, the daughter of a Scottish father and an Irish mother. The family had a home in Scotland and in Sussex, England, and a flat in London where her father had a law practice.

She received her early education in private schools and later attended a finishing school in Paris. "It was a fairly leisurely life," Mrs. Gordon says, "but my mother always told me I must justify my existence and so I took home nursing and first aid courses, learned to sew and knit, and helped organize charity shows. I've never been bored in my life."

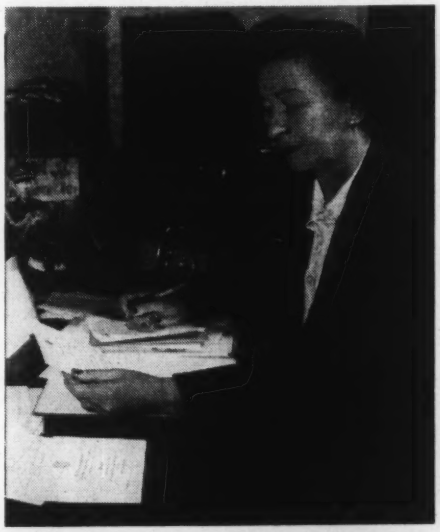
Living in England when the Second World War began, Mrs. Gordon, then Sheila Ramsay, was called into service. In recognition of her bravery as a VAD on a hospital ship during the evacuation of Dunkirk, she was awarded a medal which she is modestly, and perhaps humbly, loathe to talk about.

The sewing and knitting lessons have been put to use by Mrs. Gordon in making clothes for her stepchildren's two baby sons, for the Ottawa May Court, which donates clothing to needy families, and, on a more frivolous side, for costumes to be used at annual Springtime Parties sponsored by the Women's Committee of the Ottawa Philharmonic.

Her experience in the planning of charity shows in England and Scotland has proved worthwhile in Ottawa, too. This past year she was chairman of the Philharmonic Springtime Party — a gay affair attended by diplomats and typists alike. Last spring the party added $14,000 to the coffers of the orchestra.

"Pat" Gordon also served a term as fairy godmother to Ottawa debutantes. Until last spring, Brigadier Gordon was commander of the Ottawa Garrison, and

Mrs. Gordon, in a costume for the Philharmonic Party last spring, chats with His Excellency the Governor General; (below) works at her desk, and prepares to go driving with her husband.



after the war he re-instated the Garrison Ball which had not been held since 1939.

For the past two years local debutantes have been presented to the Governor General at the colorful ball, and for the two seasons, Mrs. Gordon undertook the task of transforming bobby soxers into gracious young ladies in high heels and white gowns.

Once presented to King George V and Queen Mary, Mrs. Gordon used her presentation know-how to instruct the young ladies in the art of making a steady-kneed curtsy.

Although she is in the m i d s t of the capital's social whirl, Mrs. Gordon doesn't give a fig for fashion (at least so she claims). "Buying clothes bores me," she says, and adds, "Any pains I do take in my dress are so that my husband won't be ashamed of me." She has two Norman Hartnell dresses and has her suits made in England by a tailor whom she has patronized for years. She has a good dressmaker who can copy "simply anything" —but you can't copy the same thing more than two or three times, she notes with a grimace.

At the reception held at Government House in honor of the Queen Mother last November, friends admired the shimmering pale green gown Mrs. Gordon was wearing. She was heard to remark that it was bought from a friend who could no longer wear it—for $25!

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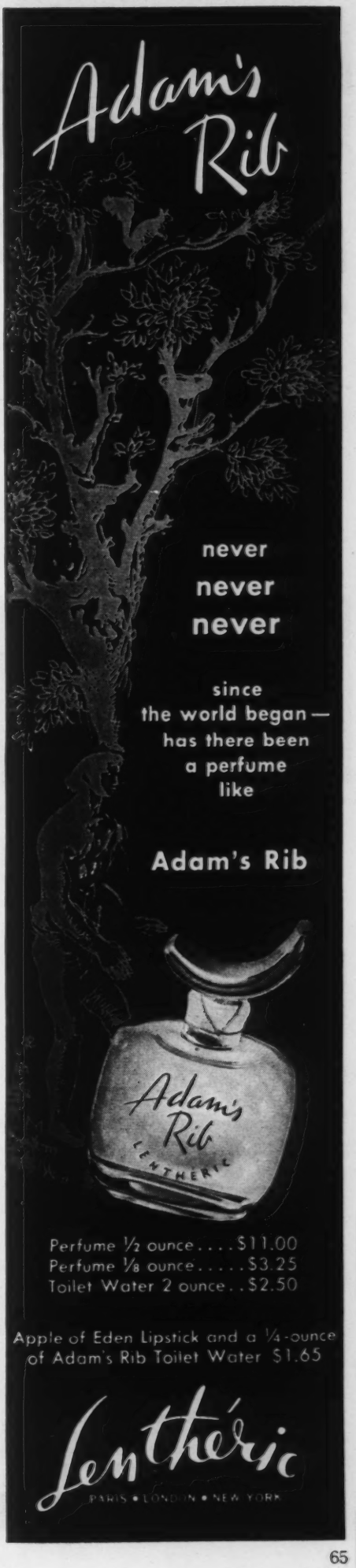
The Gordons are planning to build a new home this fall, one large enough to house visiting children and grandchildren, frequent guests, and of course, those wonderful antiques. They hope to build at picturesque MacKay Lake near Rockcliffe Park.



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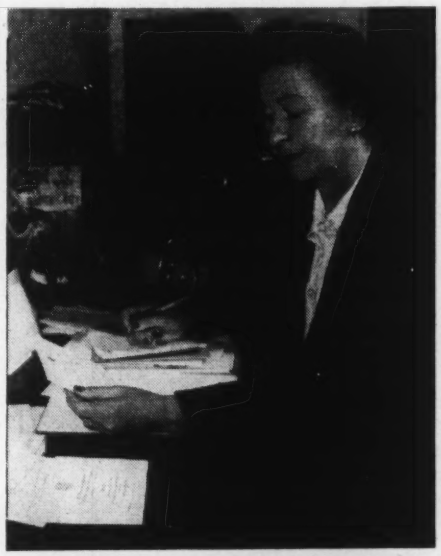

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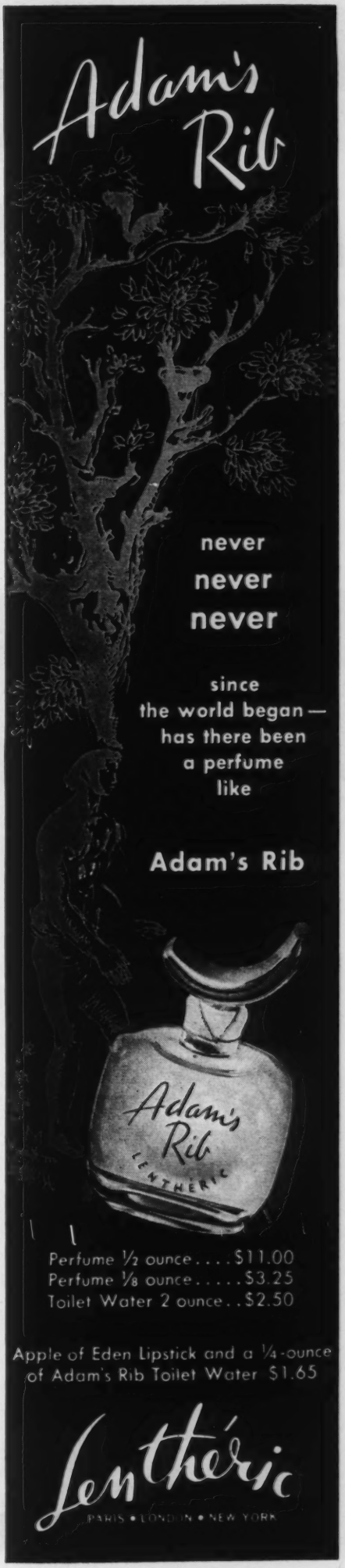

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Letters

Belief in the Supernatural

. . . Like almost all our leaders in political or cultural or for that matter, it seems, any other kind of thought, Professor Lower seems to believe that the revival of religious faith is the only thing that can save our Western way of life. It is, then, most distressing to hear him say, "The old fashioned Christianity with its naive belief in the supernatural is gone; and the only thing that could bring it back would be a world disaster which would take us all back to semi-barbarism and allow credulity once more to flourish".

Now it seems to me that if Christianity is anything at all, it is a revelation of God to man through Jesus Christ. This of course not only involves the supernatural but is supernatural from start to finish. Anything else than the supernatural is simply an extension of man's own thought and a reliance on his own devices. It is just these very things that have brought us into our present dangerous situation. Surely then it is time to get back to supernaturally revealed faith and away from the purely human thought which has only led to disaster.

SHERBROOKE, QUE. ARTHUR C. HILL

Fluoridation

The question of whether or not the fluorine present in foods is available to the body and hence useful in preventing dental caries has been a subject of discussion in your publication.

I would like to point out that the subject is not open to debate. Reliable experimental evidence obtained by, among others, the U.S. Public Health Service and the University of Illinois, has shown that the fluorine present in such natural substances as fish and tea is largely available for the body's assimilation. Over 75 per cent of the fluorine in tea is extractable by boiling water . . .

Dr. Zeidler, a chemist, argues that fluorine is present in foods in an insoluble form and hence could not be available to the body. That simple insolubility of an inorganic compound in cold water is not necessarily a barrier to its assimilation is evident from the fact that calcium phosphate, an exceedingly insoluble compound, is capable of supplying the animal body's entire requirement for calcium and phosphorus. The fact that the calcium and phosphorus are absorbed from the intestine under alkaline conditions will provide Dr. Zeidler with further food for thought . . .

The only reasonable way to ensure that all persons have an opportunity to benefit from the ability of fluorine to prevent tooth decay is to add fluorine in the form of sodium fluoride to the water supply.

R. A. MACLEOD, PH.D.

NORTH VANCOUVER, BC.

Police and Guns

. . . Some police chiefs have ordered their personnel to fire pistols only in self defence. That would seem to imply that desperadoes and common thugs are to be allowed to take the initiative—that the officer must not only "defend" the law but his life also. It seems a rather incongruous position in which to put one sworn to protect the peace and well being of the community. Comparable statistics of police fatalities in Europe and Canada are incomplete—no logical conclusion may be drawn. The tempo of life in the newer countries is faster . . .

CHARLOTTETOWN JAMES PENDERGAST

Editor's Note: Shooting at people is an odd way of protecting "the peace and well being of the community"—odd enough to justify the restrictions on use of guns by police officers.

INDEX

	PAGE
BOOKS	39
BUSINESS	51
COVER STORY	17
FILMS	36
FOREIGN AFFAIRS	20
OTTAWA LETTER	26
SPORTS	47
WOMEN	63

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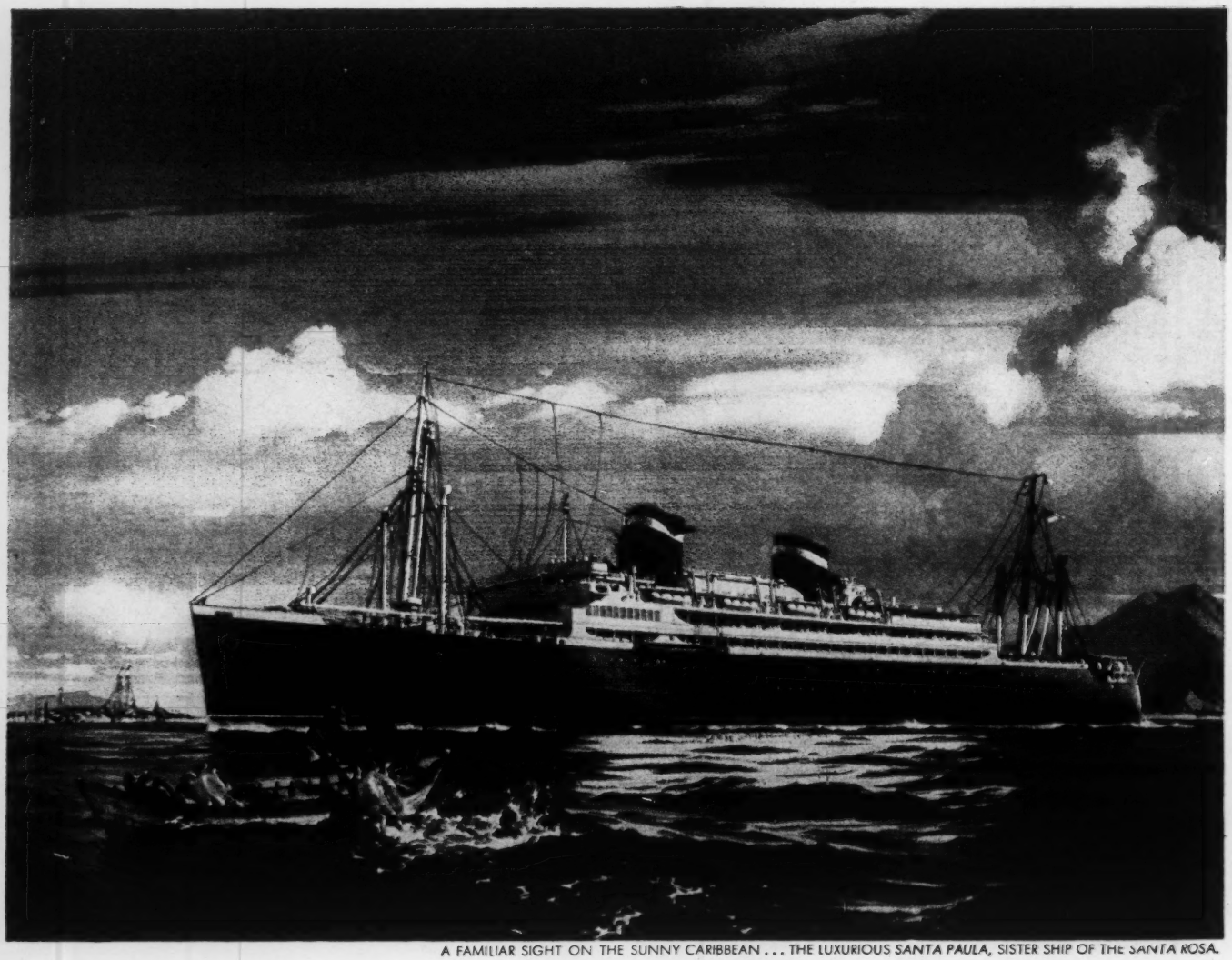

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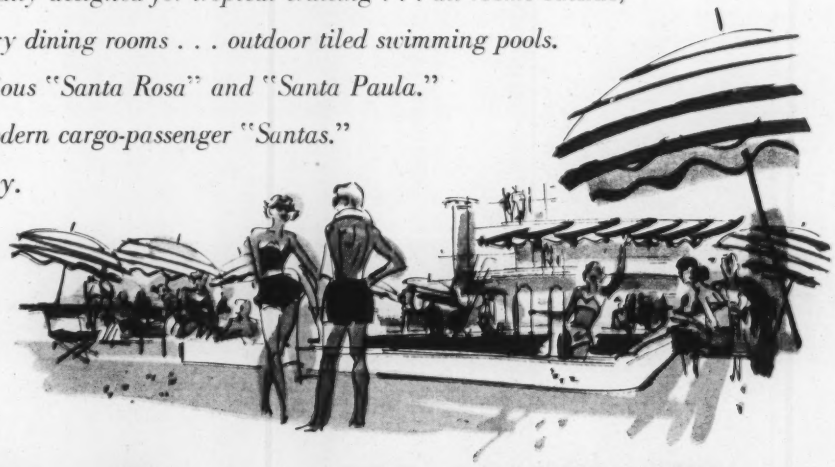

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